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NEWSPAPER

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 1, 1973, 50 cents

The Process of Impeachment

The Editors

Slap, Tap, Pat?—*John Osborne*

Our Man Marcos—*Gerald H. Anderson*

Liberating a County—*Peter Barnes*

The University—*George Keller*

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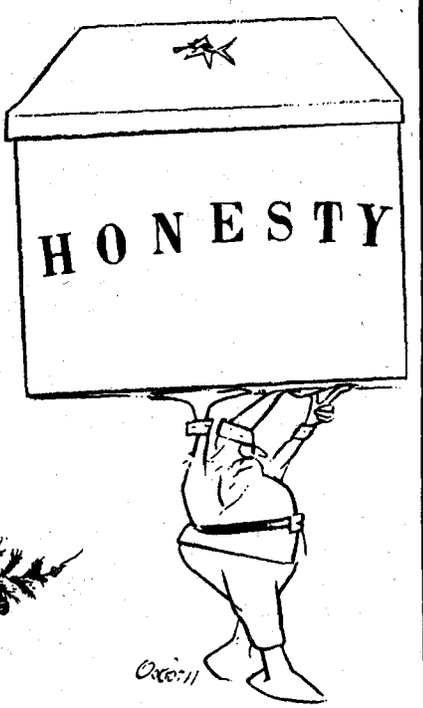

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TRB

from Washington
December 1, 1973

I've Got Mine, Jack

Mrs. Marion Curtis, widow, 72, of Doylestown, Pa., enclosed a clipping from the *Doylestown Intelligencer*. Her sole income is $169 a month in social security and her rent $120. Under the rent subsidy program she is theoretically eligible to get half her rent in federal funds. But the administration, she writes, has frozen the funds. She voted for Mr. Nixon. The clipping says that there are many other indigent victims of the freeze in Bucks County.

Here is a clipping from *The New York Times*, November 8: a New York City nutrition group asks a judge to hold the Agriculture Department in contempt for not starting a $40 million program to feed impoverished pregnant women and young children. Congress voted the funds, but the administration has impounded them.

Next, consider an AP item from Indianapolis: Father Hesburgh says President Nixon is letting the US Civil Rights Commission "die on the vine" by failing to appoint a new chairman, nearly one year after forcing him out. Father Hesburgh is president of the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Nixon, after a brief fling at the so-called Minority Corporation program in 1969, has gone back to the racial policy of benign neglect.

These are individual examples. They fit into a pattern described by neutral *Congressional Quarterly* as efforts of "the economy-minded Nixon administration to halt or cut back on social programs." Few deny this goal. Pat Buchanan, White House aide, wrote in February that if the President "can begin dismantling the unwise and unsuccessful social programs" of the past, and decentralize government, "he will reverse a tide that has been running for 40 years."

Exactly! Mr. Nixon put ardent young Howard Phillips in charge of the Office of Economic Opportunity, which is supposed to fight poverty. The new head said OEO "undermined authority, challenged the family, promoted the welfare ethic and eroded democratic safeguards." He set out systematically to discredit it. Even he, however, couldn't get a Republican congressman to sponsor his idea of making the elderly pay more for Medicare.

The deepest, most fundamental cleavage in American politics, I believe, is the clash between the rival claims of the public sector and the private sector. Variations of the struggle stem back a century, to states' rights for example, and anti-federalism, now sublimated into "revenue sharing"—a Nixon formula to let Washington collect the money and pass it out to state and local governments which often give short shrift to the poor.

Unlike Ike

Watergate has obscured this fundamental issue. Mr. Nixon, unlike Ike, came determined to set the clock back. He was out to prove that 30 or 40 years of New Deal welfarism are aberrant, and that his New Federalism is the norm. He is sincere in this. I know and respect men around him like Treasury Secretary George Shultz and HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who are intelligent, attractive and dedicated. I may be wrong, but I also think they are conservative doctrinaires whose views are dangerous. It is only fair to note that they were supported by a majority in 1972, or at least by a majority of those who voted. Mrs. Curtis of Doylestown, cited above, voted for Mr. Nixon.

It begins to look as though Watergate has ruined the best chance of conservative revival in 40 years. Look at California: it just defeated Governor Reagan's amendment to limit tax spending; like Pickett's Charge this may have been the highwater mark of the conservative counterrevolution. The Reagan dream package would have saved taxes for the affluent by putting a limit on aid to schools, the sick, the elderly, the slums and the poor. Mr. Nixon wants to do that for the nation.

He almost got away with it too, except for Watergate. He had powerful support. Of the newspapers that took an editorial position in 1972, an amazing 93 percent backed him. The corporate establishment backed him. All last week shamefaced executives paraded before the Ervin committee and told how they made illegal corporate campaign contributions. The going rate was $100,000, and it sounded like protection money. The funds were stuffed in satchels in $100 bills and the stockholders were bilked by amusing bookkeeping devices. The courts fine the corporations only $5000 for this. Little attention is paid. How does it feel, folks, to live in a country where this kind of thing is taken for granted?

Sinews of war come from the corporate establishment and ultimately support the status quo. The status has little to quo about. About one family in 10 is below or on the poverty line. The lid is kept on by one of the meanest and most despicable tax systems in the world. Here is a stenographer, for example, earning $150 a week, unmarried; she pays around $1060 in federal income taxes. Here is the President of the country, Mr. Nixon, who has theoretical taxable income of $250,000 and paid only $878.03 in 1971. At least he is charged with that and does not deny it. All perfectly legal; done through tax loopholes. (There is some question whether his donation of vice presidential papers for which he got $500,000 charitable deduction was under the deadline, but that is a technicality.) There are tax loopholes for everybody from the President down if you have enough money, and hire a good lawyer.

The whole burden of taxes is distorted against the wage-earner. The tax rate on property is only 65 percent of that of wages. The tax rate on capital gains (profits from selling stocks and bonds, say) is only 50 percent of that on wages. Preferential treatment of capital gains costs the Treasury $14 billion. The rest of us pay for it. Philip Stern figures that almost all of the benefit goes to the richest one percent of the country; the one percent which, according to calculation, owned 40 percent of the nation's wealth in 1969 (up from 30 percent in 1959).

Congress could act. But who pays the campaign costs of Congress? They are dependent for a significant part of their campaign contributions on the rich. The tax reform bill is stalled in Congress.

Andrew Mellon in 1924 said: "The prosperity of the middle classes depends on the good fortune and light taxes of the rich." It's still the theory.

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The Process of Impeachment

The impeachment process has begun. Resolutions offered in the House of Representatives have been referred to that body's Committee on the Judiciary, which has initial responsibility for sifting and sorting out allegations against the President, assessing their truth and their relevance to the question of whether or not Mr. Nixon has committed "high crimes and misdemeanors." The committee must scrupulously investigate each serious accusation and either discard it for lack of proof or make it part of a bill of particulars. If such a bill emerges from the committee's deliberations, it will be presented to the full house for debate and vote. House approval of the bill by a majority of its members would amount to an "indictment" of the President. The Senate would then try the case, a two-thirds vote being required to remove the President from office.

Although the impeachment route is long and treacherous, it is the only institutional way to determine whether Mr. Nixon has knowingly tolerated the abuse of executive power. The process is unique and is both judicial and political. It is judicial in that it hears evidence, assesses guilt and passes sentence. It is political in that representatives will not approve a bill of particulars and senators will not vote to convict unless they are persuaded that that is what the public wants, or at least will tolerate.

At the start the worst blunder the House could make would be to give the impression that impeachment is a partisan cause. The complaint has already been made, though the Judiciary Committee has only begun to organize its work. Coming from partisan Nixon supporters, the charge is to be expected; the White House has not been neglecting its own defense. But it is more serious than that. For within the Democratic House leadership itself there are some who regard the impeachment proceeding essentially as a partisan exercise and plan to use it as such. To them the political takes precedence over the judicial aspect of the case. That is a short-sighted view. The public expects and deserves a thorough and dispassionate search for facts, and thereafter a judgment that is appropriate to those facts.

An example of how not to proceed was the manner in which the House recently approved one million dollars to finance the Judiciary Committee's highly unusual task. On November 13 chairman Peter Rodino was asked to give the Democratic Steering and Policy Com-

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mittee a report on Gerald Ford's vice presidential nomination, as well as a preliminary outline of how his committee planned to carry forward the impeachment inquiry. Most of the Democratic leaders were pleased with the assurance that the Ford nomination would not be long delayed; not because they share Mr. Nixon's estimate of Ford's capabilities, but because they share Carl Albert's nervousness at the prospect of Albert's succeeding to the presidency. However Rodino was told he ought to "staff up" the impeachment side of his operation. Later that afternoon, without any further consultation with Rodino or his committee, so far as we can learn, Rep. Frank Thompson, chairman of the House Administration subcommittee handling Congress' own accounts, suggested that his group vote two million dollars to pay for the impeachment investigation. No budget was presented; neither chairman Rodino nor the ranking Republican on the Judiciary Committee, Rep. Edward Hutchinson of Michigan testified on the proposal. "It was explained to us," said Republican Rep. William L. Dickinson during subsequent debate, "that the leadership on the Democratic side had decided this might be a good figure." The subcommittee arbitrarily cut the amount to $1,500,000. The next day, November 14, at a meeting of the full Administration Committee, chairman Wayne Hays suggested an additional $500,000 be lopped off. Again there was no testimony on how the money was to be spent nor why it was being requested with such haste.

By then Republicans and Democrats alike, on and off the Judiciary Committee, were demanding to know what was going on. Chairman Rodino thereupon released a memo on the 14th (dated the 13th) that announced for the first time that "a total of 19 people [were] working full time and directly on the Impeachment inquiry." The memo also disclosed that "staff counsel and investigators from other committees have been assigned to work with the Judiciary Committee on a day-to-day basis as needed." What these staff members were doing and where they came from was not explained, though some came from Rep. Jack Brooks' subcommittee that looked into the San Clemente and Key Biscayne properties, and from a joint committee on Internal Revenue.

The money resolution reached the House floor on November 15 under a rule preventing amendments. One after another, Republicans stood up to object. "This action deprives the minority of the benefit of a committee meeting and of a discussion with the majority with regard to what the plans are, what the investigation should include and when it should be concluded," charged Rep. Robert McClory, a pro-Nixon Republican on the committee. He just as easily could have been one of the committee Democrats who also were in the dark until they got the Rodino memo the day before. Rep. Charles E. Wiggins, another Nixon partisan on the committee, asked whether "the members realize that the committee on the Judiciary has not had its first meeting on the subject of impeachment? We have not yet decided what we are going to do, what is impeachable, what is not, and what instructions are to be given this staff. . . ."

Chairman Rodino then briefly sketched his plan of how the investigation would be run—a plan that may have been worked on previously but was only completed after the meeting of the Democratic Steering Committee two days earlier. There would be a general counsel, Rodino said, assisted by a chief deputy and four assistant counsel, each of whom would handle a specific area—"criminal offenses," "campaign and personal finances," "nonindictable" offenses and "counsel liaison" (presumably meaning liaison with the special prosecutor, the Ervin committee, the Justice Department and other investigative bodies). In addition there would be a chief investigator and an investigative staff, research analysts and a computer specialist. The staff would include "persons with extensive judicial experience . . . individuals . . . who have demonstrated their objectivity and fair-mindedness and who will conduct themselves in a judicious manner at all times." After which, in an almost straight partisan vote, the Democrats beat back a Republican effort to have one-third of the funds allocated to minority party staff and to delay any expenditure until the Judiciary Committee "defined the nature and scope of" its impeachment inquiry. The one million dollar budget was approved, Rodino promising the Republicans a fair share of staff.

Though the Democratic leadership shoved Rodino into action (at the last minute he reportedly wanted the money vote postponed until after the Thanksgiving recess) and won, allegations of partisan rough-riding will now be harder to refute. The Judiciary Committee's Republican membership is as diverse as the Democratic; it has moderates as well as diehards. The minority staff has already circulated memos raising potentially embarrassing issues that the entire committee will soon have to resolve. One deals with the rights the President will have in any future hearings. For instance, will his counsel be permitted to be present, and will the President be allowed to send out subpoenas in his own defense? Should the committee's evidentiary hearings be in executive session? Should there be some smaller, *ad hoc* impeachment subcom-

COMING: Rose Styron reports on the torture of political prisoners around the world

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mittee? On such questions Republican members meeting in caucus—as Democrats meet these days—will bind themselves, with White House encouragement, to a common position.

For the Democrats to act as if this heavy burden were theirs to carry alone would be as foolish as to assume that no Republican wants the truth revealed or a fair judgment passed. Recently Republican Rep. Tom Railsback, who is on Judiciary, suggested that the special Watergate prosecutor be directed periodically to report to the committee's chairman and ranking Republican on evidence he has gathered that might be useful, whether damaging or exculpatory to the President. There is now no legally established channel of communication between the prosecutor and the Judiciary Committee. When Railsback's motion was introduced at a committee meeting, Democrats looked at it as if it concealed some pro-Nixon time-bomb. In fact it was simply an effort to speed the inquiry and prevent a duplication of the special prosecutor's work. After some explanation Democrats supported the proposal and it passed, primarily over Republican opposition.

"Pete [Rodino] can avoid a hell of a lot of problems," says one Republican, "if he would consult." Normally in the House a chairman consults with the ranking Republican, whose job, in turn, is to get his own party members in line. But there's nothing normal about impeachment. Moreover for years the Judiciary Committee was dominated by the team of Emmanuel Celler, the chairman, and William McCulloch, the ranking GOP member. Celler lost his primary race last year and McCulloch resigned, giving the committee new men at the top for the gravest assignment it has ever had. Chairman Rodino is inexperienced, moves cautiously and is being prodded by his own leadership. Hutchinson, a quiet, six-term congressman with little influence on the committee and none with his party leaders, has made clear his dislike of the position in which he finds himself. The chairman would do well to recruit a strong, professional general counsel, preferably but not necessarily a Republican. Though several men have reportedly been approached for the job, none had accepted as of last week. Rodino should also quickly enlist the Republicans and Democrats on his committee in the selection of the principal staff members. It would not be a bad idea if, having narrowed the choice to a handful of candidates, the chairman named a bipartisan subcommittee to interview them, and explore what problems, if any, their employment might raise. With the counsel selected, the next step should be to map out an investigative schedule after discussion within the full committee. Only by starting off with some bipartisan cooperation on the structure of the investigation can the impeachment process carry the Congress and country with it, persuaded that each decision is being taken deliberately, thoughtfully, and on the merits of the case.

No Punch

Executives from seven major corporations recently testified before the Ervin committee on the manner in which former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, Nixon personal lawyer Herbert Kalmbach and a Nixon reelection finance committee official, Lee Nunn, solicited and got large campaign contributions in 1971 and 1972. In each instance the donations were in cash squeezed by some devious means out of a foreign operation, indicating that these were not the first and only times such means were employed. Why cash? Because the corporate officials knew that a law passed back in 1907 barred the use of company funds as contributions to politics. The committee had a rare opportunity to explore a campaign funding practice that has been hinted at for years but never dealt with in detail. But the subject seemed to have no appeal to senators who last summer fought for question time. Most of the members were not present at the hearings; the questions that were asked were childish. Illustrating the superficial nature of the inquiry, the committee failed to recall Stans and Kalmbach for *their* testimony on how such corporate funds were raised. Like an ex-heavyweight, the Ervin committee now staggers about, shadow boxing, trying in vain to relive days of glory.

The Chinese Connection

The President has fostered the impression that it was he who took the initiative in forging the new US link with China. In reality the historic breakthrough grew out of Chinese overtures made in the fall of 1968, before Mr. Nixon came to the White House. Apprehensive that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia foreshadowed a Russian attack against them, the Chinese at that time began to signal their receptivity to a rapprochement with the US, and those early hints, to which the President responded encouragingly, eventually led to the present Sino-American honeymoon. This clarification is not intended to minimize Mr. Nixon's achievement. Recalling the actual sequence of events is important, however, because it explains the fact that, despite frequent appearances to the contrary, the Chinese have been actively working to tighten their ties with the US and are more concerned today about the durability of that relationship than ever before. This was underlined during Secretary Kissinger's latest visit to Peking.

Although they have never publicized the Watergate affair, the Chinese have become increasingly worried that the accumulating scandals would lead to Mr. Nixon's ouster, and, as a consequence, endanger their American connection. Thus they sought reassurances

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from Kissinger and received them publicly in his pledge, offered in a banquet speech, that "no matter what happens in the US in the future, friendship with the People's Republic of China is one of the constant factors of American foreign policy." Apparently striving to accelerate the movement toward closer cooperation, Premier Chou En-lai surprised Kissinger by adopting an unusually flexible and subtle position on the only question still standing in the way of full diplomatic relations between the US and China—Taiwan. Unlike his statement at the end of the President's trip last year, in which he demanded that the US withdraw all troops and military installations from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's island bastion and renounce any "two-China" formulas, Chou now said that "only on the basis of confirming the principle of one China" could the "normalization" of Sino-American relations take place. This implied that the US need not break its links with Chiang Kai-shek officially but could, by recognizing the "principle" of a single China, progress toward a more formal relationship with Peking than the present liaison office arrangement.

All this suggests that the Chinese are troubled by two main problems. On the one hand they fear the possibility that the Nationalists on Taiwan may one day scrap their claim to represent all China and declare their island an independent country. Such a step would put Washington in an awkward position. It could not ignore Taiwan's claim to self-determination without abandoning all pretension to principle, yet it could not recognize the island as a separate state without running the risk of infuriating Peking. By shelving the Taiwan question, the Chinese are hoping that the US can avoid that choice, and they are shelving it for one simple reason: they see the US as the only effective offsetting force to the Soviet threat to themselves. The Sino-American entente has become the principal pillar of China's foreign policy and the Chinese seem to be prepared to go to great lengths to guarantee its solidity.

In an extraordinary turnabout the Chinese are now warning Western leaders against being lured into détente with the Soviet Union, and, consonant with that attitude, they are hailing the importance of defense groups like the Central Treaty Organization and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Not long ago a senior Chinese diplomat in Europe admonished a European official for criticizing the right-wing Greek government, and said that the Greeks are playing a key role in blocking the spread of Soviet influence in the Mediterranean. Similarly the Chinese foreign minister, Chi Peng-fei, recently told a group of Japanese visiting Peking that China now tolerates Japan's security treaty with the US. Other evidence indicates that the Chinese no longer object to a continued US naval presence in the Pacific, and they may even welcome American bases on their periphery on the grounds that a power vacuum in the region might tempt the Russians.

The Chinese also see the US as a source of technology, and that view is mirrored in commercial statistics. Trade between the US and China is expected to reach $900 million this year, compared with $92 million last year and $5 million in 1971. If the Chinese agree to accept long-term credits in order to purchase the petrochemical and fertilizer plants they require to boost their lagging agriculture, their trade with the US could spiral in the years ahead. Meanwhile they are planning to send their first commercial mission to this country next year, and they may hold a trade exhibition in America in 1975 to promote their products in the US market. Chinese scholars, scientists and even students are expected to visit the US in greater numbers, and it is only a matter of time before China opens up to American tourists.

The magnitude of these developments can be appreciated when one recollects that the US objective in Vietnam, at least at the outset, was to prevent Chinese hordes from overrunning Southeast Asia. The error of that misperception, as Talleyrand would have put it, was worse than a crime.

Stagflation

After a year of high profits, high interest rates, zooming prices and low unemployment, business seems to be returning to the sluggish ways of Mr. Nixon's first term. The best known and most closely watched financial indicator, the Dow Jones average price of 30 industrial stocks, has shown a steady decline for the last several weeks. At first this was interpreted as an indication of the country's lack of confidence in its President, a financial trauma brought on by too much Watergate. Now the explanation is the oil crisis, and there are signs of real financial trouble in the latest trend. Stock values are falling back to the lows of 1971 and 1970. The Dow-Jones average reached its highest point on record—1052—in January this year, fell from that peak to 852 in midsummer, rose again to 987 in the fall and is tumbling recklessly to a point no one can foresee. On November 19 the index plunged 28 points in one day, the largest decline in a day since 1962, the fifth largest since 1929, and it may fall below the previous lows in Nixon's administration—798 in November 1971 and 631 in May 1970.

The less volatile economic figures published by government agencies have improved steadily since October a year ago, with a few marked exceptions. Employment and wages have gone up, but prices have increased apace. In late summer the wholesale price index for farm products shot abruptly upward, making the largest monthly increase on record. The jump was produced by a large boost in demand for American

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grains, soybeans and other crops following a series of bad harvests abroad. Although farm prices have declined slightly since August, they remain high, with the total increase in the index since October 1972 standing at 51 percent. The wholesale index for all commodities is 16 percent above last year's, and the consumer price index for all items, which hasn't yet caught up with wholesale increases, is 7.9 percent above last year's. The consumer price index for food, however, has risen 18.8 percent since October a year ago. Other indicators of what consumers will have to pay are moving up, but none as fast as food prices. Home mortgage interest rates according to Federal Housing Authority estimates have risen from a national average of 7.7 percent to 8.8 percent—a rate of increase of about 14 percent. In response new housing starts were down 27 percent in September. Bank interest rates for short-term business loans have gone up 58 percent. As they say, money is tight.

These price and interest changes have only partially been compensated for by increases in wages and other income. The Labor Department's official estimate of hourly wages for workers in manufacturing has gone up only seven percent since last October, and the "real earnings" estimate has gone down one percent in this category. Wages for all nonfarm workers are about seven percent above last year; their real wages have gone down one percent. The amount of disposable personal income, including income from welfare checks, social security and dividends, is up 11 percent. At the same time, consumer indebtedness has increased by about 17 percent.

The administration gave itself a pat on the back earlier this month when it announced that unemployment in October fell to 4.5 percent: presidential economic adviser Herbert Stein called it "the lowest rate in peacetime." It is a sizable reduction from the high of six percent in 1971, but Stein's self-congratulation was premature. Even before the Arabs announced the embargo of oil shipments to the US, the economy had begun to slacken its rate of expansion. The oil shortage will undoubtedly accelerate the trend, and some have predicted an unemployment rate of 10 percent next year. A prestigious forecasting group headed by Otto Eckstein said last week that even under favorable conditions, unemployment will rise to 5.8 percent.

Industry, which has done exceptionally well in the last year, also must revise predictions for 1974. As recently as November 10 *Business Week* said that "the capital spending boom still has plenty of muscle," and it quoted a McGraw-Hill economist as saying that industrial growth in 1973 "almost eliminates any chance for recession in 1974." The Commerce Department predicted in October that capital spending in 1974 would increase by 13 percent, a guess based on this year's profits that didn't take the oil shortage into consideration. The latest government figures show that after-tax profits for corporations in the third quarter of 1973 were about 34 percent higher than the year before, and only slightly less than they were in the second quarter. Despite these handsome profit margins, reassuring figures for gross national product, a more favorable balance of payments and the exchange rate for US dollars abroad, the country seems headed for a poor year. Prices will be driven up as shortages of fuel, primary metals and plastics hit the market. And if the energy shortage becomes nearly as severe as Sen. Henry Jackson insists it will, many workers will be laid off by factory closings. The economy may suffer from a disorder known to financial analysts as "stagflation": the coincidence of high prices and high unemployment with little increase in production.

Drugged

The pharmaceutical industry grosses about $5 billion a year on prescription drug sales to wholesalers and pharmacists. Middlemen add about $2 billion to the ultimate price paid by American consumers. A highly profitable business, the drug industry's 9.1 percent return on sales last year was second only to mining among industrial groups, according to *Fortune*.

The average consumer spends about $33 a year on prescription medicine, the burden falling disproportionately heavily on the aged and on parents of young children. The physician is often without unbiased information concerning the several thousand pharmaceutical products. Generally he will rely on the *Physician's Desk Reference*, but the *PDR* is as much advertising catalogue as reference book because the information it contains has been supplied, edited, approved and paid for by the drug manufacturers. According to a recent survey of physicians conducted by the American Medical Association, more than half said that drug company "detail men" (door-to-door salesmen) had a "moderate" or "marked" influence on the drugs they prescribed. Aware of this the drug industry invests in detail men about 70 percent of the estimated $1 billion spent by the drug industry on advertising and promotion. By contrast *The Medical Letter on Drugs and Therapeutics*, an independent and highly respected publication, is subscribed to by less than a fourth of the nation's practicing physicians. In other words most doctors get their information from people or sources with an incentive to sell a particular brand. Buying brand-name rather than "generic" medicines may cost American consumers about one billion dollars a year.

Unlike football teams, which are easily ranked on their win-loss records, no simple rating is possible for evaluating drug companies. The Council on Economic Priorities, a nonprofit group that investigates American business practices, has developed a fairly detailed

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set of criteria in its latest report: "In Whose Hands? Safety, Efficacy and Research Productivity in the Pharmaceutical Industry" (CEP, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011; $3). Although only three of the 16 drug manufacturers surveyed gave the group "substantive" cooperation, CEP sifted through the plethora of public data to produce its company-by-company study.

CEP first evaluated the companies on safety and manufacturing practices on the basis of punitive actions taken by the Food and Drug Administration from January 1966 through June 1973. The company with the best record was the Swiss firm of Hoffmann LaRoche: three recalls, all at company initiative. On the other end was Abbott Laboratories of Chicago with 38 recalls. The most serious occurred in 1971 when the FDA ordered the recall of millions of bottles of intravenous solution that had been contaminated with bacteria. Criminal indictments were subsequently handed up against the company and five executives; there are also some 60 private damage suits pending.

Depending upon the seriousness of the problem, the drugs can be recalled from the wholesale, retail or user level; these levels correspond to the health hazard: minor, potential or immediate. Bristol-Myers' record raises many questions. All of its 17 recalls were serious; 10 had to be carried out at the user level while seven involved the retail level. FDA had to initiate the recall in nine cases.

Although their safety records are terrible, Abbott and Bristol-Myers score well on drug efficacy. Put another way, if you get a good batch of medicine, it is more likely to help you than most other companies' drugs. Abbott is ranked first among the 16 companies with the smallest percentage of totally ineffective or possibly effective drugs and second for drugs that are effective for at least one of multiple indications. Bristol-Myers is fourth in the former category and first in the latter. The seeming paradox—having poor safety records but effective drugs—suggests the failure is one of corporate responsibility and quality control rather than efficacy or mislabeling (e.g., claiming the drug can treat certain indications which, in fact, it cannot).

Somewhat the reverse situation obtains with Burroughs Wellcome, a small British firm, which CEP says "emerged with one of the better performance records." All five of its recalls were issued by the company, and none were at the most serious (user) level. The company scored first in having the highest percentage of totally effective drugs as well as first in the lowest percentage of totally ineffective drugs.

In comparison to the one billion dollars devoted to advertising and promotion, about half that amount is spent by the drug industry on research. Yet not all that the industry calls "research" is worthy of the term. Since 1966 the 16 companies in the CEP study submitted 185 "new drug applications" to the FDA. *The Medical Letter* found only 33 were "significant." Most of the rest were simply new medicinal "packages" or minor chemical variations of existing drugs. Smith Kline & French of Pennsylvania compiled the worst record, submitting 11 new applications in the last seven years but producing no significant new drugs. On the other end Merck of New York had five significant drugs to show for its seven applications.

A major flaw in the regulatory structure is the absence of a federal drug testing center that would make independent analyses of new drugs. The FDA is largely dependent on data supplied by the drug manufacturers in making its determinations. Senator Nelson (D, Wisc.) has introduced a bill (S966) that would strengthen federal control of prescription drugs; one provision would establish a federal drug testing center. The health subcommittee of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee chaired by Senator Kennedy begins hearings on the Nelson bill this month.

Chicano Power

Liberating a County

Crystal City, Texas

While blacks and Spanish-speaking Americans have won considerable urban political power lately, their progress has been much slower in rural areas. Blacks make up a majority of the population in 102 rural counties in the South, but control county commissions in only five. In 26 Texas counties, more than half the population is Chicano, but not a single county government is Chicano-controlled. In the few localities where blacks and Chicanos *have* been elected, they've effected only modest changes, partly because it takes time to learn the ropes of government, and partly because the powers and resources of local government are limited.

In Zavala County, Texas the dream of some Chicanos is to build a model of cultural, political and economic "liberation." Whatever the ultimate outcome, they are off to a heady start. The county lies about midway between San Antonio and the Mexican border. The Nueces River, which was once the southern boundary of Texas, flows through it. About 85 percent of the population is Chicano; three-quarters of the people live at or below the poverty line. From May until October each year more than half the families move north to work on farms in the Midwest. In the winter they return to Zavala County to work on land owned by Del Monte and a few Anglo ranchers, and in the Del Monte canning plant that sits just outside the Crystal City line. Because of its artesian water supply and year-round sunshine, the area is known as the Winter Garden; Crystal City, the county seat, purports to be the Spinach Capital of the world and has erected a statue of Popeye in front of city hall.

The movement to "liberate" Zavala County began in

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1969 when Chicano high school students decided to protest a longstanding policy under which cheerleaders and homecoming queens were almost always Anglo, though the student body is overwhelmingly Chicano. The protest rapidly escalated into a school boycott with demands for a long list of reforms. When the boycott ended its leaders shifted to politics, electing three young Chicanos to the school board in April 1970. The key organizer and the man who became school board chairman was José Angel Gutierrez.

Gutierrez, the son of a Crystal City doctor, was no newcomer to politics. A brilliant strategist and natural leader, he'd been active in student politics for many years and was a founder of MAYO, the militant Mexican-American Youth Organization. Gutierrez's idea was that Chicanos should reject the major political parties but not the political process. A new Chicano party, he reasoned, could gain power in those areas where Chicanos were a majority, and be a power broker in the state and even beyond. "We organized *La Raza Unida*," he says with characteristic irony and bravado, "because we didn't see any reason why not to. If it was good enough for white people to have two political parties, we figured it was good enough for Mexicans to have one."

After its victory in the 1970 school board race, *La Raza Unida* went on to win elections in the nearby towns of Carrizo Springs and Cotulla, and to establish branches throughout Texas and the Southwest. It soon captured the city council in Crystal City and last year elected the Zavala County sheriff. None of this was as easy as the population statistics might suggest: the initial campaigns were write-ins and faced many obstacles; in several contests *La Raza Unida* candidates were opposed by other Chicanos rather than, or in addition to, Anglos; and two *Raza Unida* winners still face court challenges on the grounds that illegal aliens voted. But the party is now firmly established. It has a citizens' auxiliary called *Ciudadanos Unidos* that selects candidates and, at weekly meetings, holds elected officials accountable for their actions and plans. By next year the party will probably have political control of Zavala County and some influence elsewhere in Texas.

In its first years in Crystal City *La Raza Unida* did the predictable things. The school board replaced Anglo administrators with Chicanos, made the curriculum fully bicultural (the orientation is now almost wholly Mexican, since most Anglo students have transferred to other schools), and offered free breakfasts and lunches at city schools. The astronomical dropout rate among Chicano students has gone down, and more Chicanos have gone to college. Other local agencies headed by *Raza Unida* officials applied for and generally received federal grants for street paving, sewers, a mental health clinic and an urban renewal program that builds houses for poor people instead of merely displacing them. The city used its revenue-sharing funds to acquire two police cars, a backhoe and other heavy equipment, and set up a legal services program with the help of a small foundation grant.

While these programs have unquestionably been beneficial, they have depended on outside largesse that could be cut off at any moment. The real need, as *La Raza Unida* sees it, is to capture for Chicanos more of the wealth that is already here. This requires reforming the tax structure, raising wages, taking over the existing businesses and starting new ones—all of them difficult tasks. *Ciudadanos Unidos* launched a hog breeding cooperative that succeeded in outlasting its federal funding but ran into difficulty this summer when many co-op members went north to work. An industrial commission was established to persuade Mexican and "liberal" American businessmen to open plants in Zavala County, but so far none has seen fit to do so. The city council attempted to redraw the city boundaries so that the Del Monte cannery could be added to the tax base, but Del Monte successfully blocked the move in court. Del Monte suffered a setback, however, when workers at the cannery voted last month to quit the Teamsters and form their own union, *Obreros Unidos Independientes*, which immediately demanded a substantial increase in the basic $2.12 hourly wage.

A major aim of *La Raza Unida* is to convert the local franchises of national companies from Anglo to Chicano ownership, starting, not illogically, with beer distributorships ("We're going to drink beer whether they own it or we own it," says a party organizer, "so why don't we own it and keep the profits?"). A boycott against Lone Star beer pretty much drove it out of Crystal City. Then a Chicano attorney bought out the Budweiser franchise, and now Gutierrez is negotiating for a share in the Falstaff distributorship. Some Chicanos have criticized this approach on the grounds that it may merely exchange white exploiters for brown ones; Gutierrez says that isn't the idea, and that he'll share 25 percent of any profits with his workers.

Another part of the strategy is to squeeze as much as possible out of Anglo-owned utilities and banks. Central Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Central and Southwest Holding Company, recently asked for a six percent rate increase (under Texas law, electric utilities are regulated by cities, not the state). The city council of Crystal City granted the increase only after CP&L agreed to contribute $9000 to the industrial commission (it hasn't done so yet) and provide scholarships for Chicano students. In like manner the city has demanded that Winter Garden Cable TV, owned by the family of Lyndon Johnson, provide free air time for local programs. It has also moved part of its payroll to an out-of-town bank in an effort to induce the local bank to lower its interest rates on loans.

For the future *La Raza Unida* is looking into tax increases on oil and gas wells, of which Zavala County has some, though not nearly as many as other parts of

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Texas. "The owners of these wells will render them, with official state approval, at perhaps $1 million, and we must tax based on what these authorities say," explains Gutierrez. "But we have found that the same well they tell us is worth $1 million is used as collateral for a bank loan for much more. So, as soon as we elect the county tax assessor, we are going to file for back taxes."

The party is also looking into possibilities for changes in ownership of the county's basic resource, land. About 85 percent of the land in Zavala County is owned by 25 people, most of whom don't live in the county. (One big landowner is Dolph Briscoe, the governor of Texas; another is a Japanese company; John Connally was another until recently.) Much of this land, *La Raza Unida* contends, was taken from Mexicans through various tricks and swindles, and a sympathetic county government might help get some of it back through legal actions, or through its power of eminent domain. There's talk of using revenue-sharing money or other outside funds to acquire land and farm equipment so that Chicano farmers can work in Zavala County year-round, without going on the migrant trail.

How far can *La Raza Unida* go? The major obstacles are legal and managerial. Crystal City Legal Services, which provides much of the technical help in economic and political matters, has one attorney, and he is swamped with criminal defense cases. But against these handicaps must be counted the political cohesion built up over the past few years, and the newborn involvement of hundreds of families in political and civic affairs. If the momentum can be sustained, Zavala County will certainly be changed, if not "liberated."

Peter Barnes

The Nixon Watch

Slap, Tap, Pat?

Key Biscayne, Florida

When the President boarded Air Force One at a military base in northern Florida on the night of November 17, at the end of his fifth day on the counteroffensive against all those of little faith who were variously expecting and demanding his resignation or impeachment, he did something that he does only when he is pleased with himself and with the events that have preceded an embarkation. When he is displeased, he secludes himself in what his staff assumes to be both lone and sullen privacy. On this occasion, returning to his home on Key Biscayne from a hotel at Disney World, a beguiling enclave of commercialized fantasy near the city of Orlando, Mr. Nixon summoned the assistants who were traveling with him from their staff compartment to his compartment for a round of drinks and casual talk. He and the assistants agreed, and the public reaction by wire and telephone to the White House supported the happy estimate, that the President had done very well for himself during an hour and two minutes of televised answers to questions at a conference of newspaper editors. One of the assistants, Patrick Buchanan, had prepared a briefing book of anticipated questions and possible answers and the President returned it to him with a note scrawled on the cover: "Buchanan—Many thanks! RN—11/17/73."

The morning and evening sessions at the White House with groups of congressional Republicans and with some 47 Democrats gave rise early in the week to a spate of stories to the general effect that the President was indeed meeting his Watergate problems and detractors "head on," as his spokesmen had said he would. His willingness to get out of Washington and around the country, though for starters only in a friendly section of the country, was demonstrated over the weekend and early the following week with visits to Disney World for the editors' conference; to Macon, Georgia for a dual celebration of retired Congressman Carl T. Vinson's 90th birthday and the 100th anniversary of the law school at Mercer University, a rather obscure Baptist institution that Vinson attended; and to Memphis for a meeting with Republican governors who were assembled there and discussing, among other things, whether Mr. Nixon's leadership and the Watergate scandals had doomed the Republican Party to certain disaster in next year's mid-term elections.

Some interesting indications of Richard Nixon's problems and of how he and his people are trying to deal with them emerged from the Washington huddles and the Southern travels. One of Mr. Nixon's problems is himself, and there were some discomforting signs during the Southern foray that it's a substantial problem. His staff chief, General Alexander Haig, and his press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, made a special point of telling reporters on the presidential plane that their man's successive statements, in a speech on November 7 and in one of the answers at Disney World, that he is determined to carry on with his job "as long as I am physically able" signified absolutely nothing except that Mr. Nixon is working hard and thriving on the work. Ziegler realized, however, that the President's expressed preoccupation with his health was bound to arouse a certain wonderment about it, and he resolved to advise Mr. Nixon to get off that kick. Intermittently during his public appearances the President appeared to be tired and, at times, very tired. The familiar stoop of his shoulders and the droop of his mouth were more noticeable than usual and, in a few moments of extreme weariness, his

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whole face went slack and gray. The President's joking remark at the editors' conference that if his plane goes down "it goes down and then they don't have to impeach" was laughed at and applauded, but it seemed to me to be horribly unfunny. His habit of misusing words was much in evidence. In a feeble effort to get his question-answer duel with the editors off to a lightsome start, he said "answered" when he meant "asked" and "he" when he meant "I." The national television audience heard him thank a questioner for correcting his statement that his departed assistants, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, "and others who have been charged are guilty until I have evidence that they are not guilty." Concentration upon such items as the foregoing enrages Mr. Nixon's assistants and spokesmen. They take it to be proof that the reporter guilty of it is gunning for the President and exaggerating behavior that, in anyone else, would go unnoticed. They have reason to believe and say this, sometimes, but there is a quality of exaggeration in their reaction to such reports that suggests a profoundly uneasy awareness on their part that their President is peculiarly vulnerable and is especially so when his fundamental stability under stress is brought into question. An episode that occurred at the Orlando airfield, after his session with the editors, brought the President's stability very much into question and elicited from the Nixon press staff a reaction that, in fierceness and sheer irrationality, was extraordinary even for that sensitive crew.

In the seven minutes that elapsed between the return of Mr. Nixon's party to the airfield and his jaunty run up the ramp of Air Force One, he showed that his grueling exchange with the editors had both elated and tired him. Usually, after a wearing appearance, he goes straight to his plane and departs, particularly when the only audience at his leaving is made up of service personnel and their dependents at air force bases like the one at Orlando. This time he shook hands with several people in the small crowd at the departure point and, just before he had his picture taken with a baby in his arms, exchanged a few words with a man and his son who turned out later to be Master Sergeant Edward Kleizo and John Kleizo, aged seven. Two reporters, William J. Eaton of the *Chicago Daily News* and Matthew Cooney of the Westinghouse broadcast group, witnessed the encounter. They thought so little of its news value that they didn't mention it in a report they prepared that evening for the main Nixon press party. Sergeant Kleizo, off duty and in civvies, appeared to Eaton and Cooney, who were standing about five feet behind the President, to be a short, balding, pudgy man. The floodlights beating down upon the party seemed to bother Mr. Nixon in a way that they didn't Eaton and Cooney. The President said to Kleizo, "Are you the boy's mother or grandmother?" Kleizo said, "Neither." Mr. Nixon took a closer look and said to Kleizo, "Of course not." Eaton and Cooney then saw the President's right hand rise and touch Kleizo's face. Kleizo said to Eaton, "The President slapped me." Cooney heard John Kleizo saying, several times, "The President slapped my daddy." Fred Zimmerman, who covers the White House for the *Wall Street Journal*, got the story from Eaton and Cooney and devoted 81 words to it in the next edition of his paper. He said the President "soundly slapped" Kleizo. Other reporters picked up the story. Further inquiries and reflection pretty well established that it was a friendly slap, smart enough to be heard distinctly by Eaton and Cooney but, in Kleizo's account 48 hours later, understood by him to be a gesture of affection and apology for the President's initial error in thinking him a woman. That is the charitable and very possibly the correct interpretation of the incident. I'd accept it without quibble, probably wouldn't even have mentioned the absurd affair in this report, if the White House press staff had not erupted in the fashion now to be described.

A formal White House statement said: "Some members of the White House press corps, solely on the basis of rumor and gossip, distorted a friendly gesture in which the President patted a man on the face into a 'slapping incident.' The White House feels compelled to condemn this unethical and unprofessional reporting. This is an example of irresponsible and twisted accounts which have been circulated in recent months, without adequate substantiation and which create false impressions concerning the President of the United States. The motives of those who generated the rumors and those who wrote these stories can only be explained by the reporters involved." An "addendum," composed soon after the initial statement was perpetrated, said the "the White House press office expects" Zimmerman and James Deakin of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, one of several reporters who followed Zimmerman with accounts of the episode, "to correct the false impressions."

This seemingly trivial "in-house" episode, which might appear to interest and concern only the journalists involved and to incline even them more to laughter than to outrage, actually calls for some comment. The stories did not arise from "rumor and gossip" but from an event that was observed by two reputable reporters. Almost certainly, the event was not the show of irrationality that it appeared to be but a gesture that, in its nature and because of the cir-

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cumstances, lent itself to misinterpretation and was in fact misinterpreted at first. But the true and total irrationality is to be found in the White House reaction. To equate the slapping stories, most of which noted that maybe it was more of a smack or a pat than a slap, with the Watergate accounts over the past year that have put the President in a bad and generally deserved light, is to demonstrate a condition of paranoia and/or deliberate malignity more extreme than any that I have previously detected and reported at the Nixon White House.

It was indicated earlier in this report that several of Mr. Nixon's problems would be dealt with. Well, I'm out of space and overwhelmed with a feeling that the reaction to the stories about the slapping of Sergeant Kleizo says all that really needs to be said just now about the Nixon situation and establishment. The White House spokesman says formally and officially that "the President patted a man on the face." Fine. Let's stop right there.

John Osborne

US Investment in the Philippines

Our Man Marcos

by Gerald H. Anderson

With more than two billion dollars invested—representing 80 percent of all foreign investments in the Philippines—Americans own approximately one-third of the total equity capital of the 900 largest corporations in the islands. American money is concentrated in 47 US companies that rank among the top 200 corporations in the Philippines, according to an 84-page report prepared by the National Council of Churches, Corporate Information Center(CIC) on *The Philippines: American Corporations, Martial Law and Underdevelopment.* These US firms dominate strategic sectors of the economy—oil, fruit, rubber, mining and automotive. Some American multinational corporations make their biggest profits from operations in the Philippines. Thus Ford, with an overall 11.8 percent return on equity from its operations in 133 countries in 1971, reported a return of 121 percent in the Philippines. For its new stamping plant in the Mariveles Free Trade Zone on Bataan, Ford got significant concessions from the government on land and utilities.

Del Monte, which with Dole (subsidiary of Castle and Cooke) has a virtual monopoly in the Philippine fruit industry, had an average annual return on equity of nearly 200 percent for the seven years that net income was reported from 1957 to 1963. In 1970 Dole had a return of 174 percent. Both fruit companies have leased vast areas of land from the government.

Petroleum refining and marketing is controlled by five foreign companies: Caltex, Exxon, Mobil, Shell and Getty. A Philippine Senate hearing in 1971 concluded that the oil companies—which represent one-fifth of US investments in the Philippines—had evaded tax payments of $13.3 million from 1966 to 1970 by understating production. The companies, which are foreign-owned subsidiaries, buy their crude oil on the international market from the parent firms at what are said to be inflated prices and seek to justify sale price increases on the basis of their purchase costs rather than actual production costs (Senator Jose Diokno, a highly regarded former secretary of justice and an outspoken critic of the foreign oil interests, has been detained without charges in a military stockade since martial law was declared by President Marcos.)

Sugar, we are told by the CIC report, "has been and remains one of the touchstones of the economic-social-political order of the Philippines." Seventy percent of the sugar produced is purchased by the United States under a quota system at premium prices considerably above the world market. The system perpetuates the wealth and power of six Filipino family groups that control the industry; it supports the exploitation of 32,000 sugar field hands in the Philippines; and it subsidizes American sugar brokers and operators—such as Amerop, Inc., Czarnikow-Rionda, Theo. H. Davies, Christman Commodity Associates and Farr Man & Co.—who, of course, accept no responsibility for the labor conditions of Filipinos. The US Congress

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GERALD H. ANDERSON *lived in the Philippines from 1960 to 1970.* Studies in Philippine Church History, *which he edited and co-authored, was published by Cornell University Press in 1970.*

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will reconsider the Sugar Act in 1974 when all US international sugar quotas expire, and the powerful Philippine sugar lobby is pressing hard for an increase in the quota for America's "friends" in Southeast Asia. Since sugar plantation lands are excluded from the land reform program of President Marcos, any renegotiation of the Philippine sugar quota should include at least some conditions to compel improvements in the working conditions in the Philippine sugar industry, if not fair distribution of the profits through cooperatives or profit-sharing with the workers.

By the summer of 1972 American corporate interests were plainly worried over decisions of the Philippine Congress and Supreme Court that signaled a curtailment of the "rights" and "agreements" that have enabled Americans to become the single most important economic power in the country. The movement toward economic nationalism challenged the traditional colonial-style trade relationship between the Philippines and the United States. President Marcos, ineligible for reelection in 1973, saw his—and the nation's—survival in terms of neutralizing nationalist sentiment, perpetuating himself in power and creating conditions that would attract additional foreign investment. With the declaration of martial law—"to save democracy here" from "a rightist-Communist conspiracy"—he accomplished all three for a "New Society." The free press has been dismantled, the Congress has been dismissed, nationalist-oriented Supreme Court decisions have been negated, opposition leaders have been imprisoned or otherwise effectively silenced, Marcos has gained indefinite tenure to rule, and American corporations are delighted.

One immediate response to martial law was the following telegram to President Marcos: "The American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippines wishes you every success in your endeavors to restore peace and order, business confidence, economic growth, and the well-being of the Filipino people and nation. We assure you of our confidence and cooperation in achieving these objectives. We are communicating these feelings to our associates and affiliates in the United States." Marcos, in an interview with *US News and World Report* (Oct. 16, 1972), said, "We're interested in all forms of foreign capital. And I would like to emphasize two things: we will offer as much incentive as is possible, and foreign capital will be protected. There will be no confiscation while I am President. Such things as the amortization of investment, retirement of capital and transmittal of profits are guaranteed." A US oilman in the Philippines assessed the mood: "Marcos says, 'We'll pass the laws you need—just tell us what you want'" (*Business Week*, Nov. 4, 1972).

With the banning of strikes and demonstrations and the silencing of anti-American Filipino sentiment, it is not surprising that in the CIC study "no corporation interviewed or questioned said that martial law had an adverse effect on their operations." One US State Department representative commented that American corporations are "very bullish" on the martial law situation. A similar understanding between Marcos and the US government is apparently in effect. According to a report in the *San Francisco Examiner* (Sept. 28, 1972), US Ambassador Henry Byroade met with Marcos for two hours the day before martial law was declared, and Marcos promised to protect the "American economic stake in the Philippines in return for tacit US approval of his declaration of martial law."

Marcos is counting on the support of American business interests as he seeks favorable terms from US bankers in handling—and expanding—the Philippines' external debt of $2.5 billion, approximately half of which is funded from US sources. If increased foreign investment in new and existing corporations since martial law is any measure of confidence in Marcos, he has nothing to worry about in dealing with the US banks. Comparing the year ending June 1972 with June 1973, according to the Philippine Securities and Exchange Commission, subscribed investment in new firms increased 260 percent, while subscribed investment in existing firms rose 1100 percent. While some of this investment must have already been scheduled for 1973 before martial law was declared, the increase is still substantial.

One new industry entering the Philippines is Colt Firearms. A plant for the production of M16 rifles will require some six million dollars worth of equipment to be imported from the United States. Foreign investment in oil exploration has expanded since martial law, in response to generous government concessions.

American business support of Marcos is, however, not blind to the perils of one-man rule. There is no constitutional provision for a successor to Marcos. If anything should happen to him, economic and social chaos could ensue. The army, which is pro-American but undistinguished, would most likely step in if Marcos fails or falls. The appointment of William H. Sullivan as US ambassador to the Philippines—with his experience in planning counterinsurgency strategy in Indochina—and the reported presence of US "Green Beret" Special Forces operating as advisers to the Philippine Armed Forces suggest that the US has no intention of letting its investments go down the drain. The prediction of Gunnar Myrdal when he visited Manila in May 1970 that in the Philippines "fascism, where the military people together with the American bases will clamp down on democracy," is a much greater threat than communism, sounds plausible.

While foreign firms raise a substantial part of the funds they invest from Philippine credit sources, they exploit cheap Philippine labor to generate the high profits they take out of the country. This leaves the Philippines with balance of payments deficits, a lack of savings for Filipino-owned domestic investments, and an incapacity to service existing debts. The mini-

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mum wage in the Philippines is $1.20 for eight hours of work; the average hourly wage for unskilled labor is 19 cents. Sugar field hands and fruit plantation laborers average only nine cents per hour, and Philippine labor generally is denied the kind of fringe benefits and other incentives that are considered minimal in the developed nations.

The annual per capita income in the Philippines has slowly declined from a peak of $250 in 1966 (when Marcos came to power) to about $150. Income for the bottom 20 percent of the population fell from 4.5 percent of the total in 1956 to 3.6 percent in 1971, while the top 20 percent had 54 percent of the wealth in 1971. Ron Phillips, the CIC associate director who coordinated research on the Philippines project, says "The hopes lodged in multinational corporations by the current regime now stand in contradiction to the wider reality and mounting evidence that, indeed, multinational corporations have perpetuated their underdevelopment."

One organization—the largest and most disciplined in the Philippines—could conceivably be the determining agent for social change: the Roman Catholic Church. The Philippines is the only "Christian nation" in Asia, with more baptized persons than are found in all other Asian nations put together. At least 82 percent of the population is Roman Catholic; another eight percent belongs to Protestant and independent churches. Traditionally the Catholic Church has followed its conservative Spanish heritage in the Philippines. But with the recent death of the archbishop of Manila, Rufino Cardinal Santos, Marcos lost a powerful ally. Led by young Filipino Jesuit and Divine Word priests, with the support of student activist groups and a few liberal bishops, resistance to the martial law regime is slowly emerging within the Catholic Church. President Marcos cannot let this movement go unchecked, but neither can he afford a harsh crackdown that would arouse widespread resentment within the church. Therefore, according to one Jesuit, the president has taken the "stick and carrot" approach: a threat to eliminate the tax-exempt status of church lands and institutions unless the church supports the president.

If American corporations are contributing to a situation that will culminate not only in their long-term loss but also in economic and political chaos for the Filipino people—as CIC research suggests—then Americans have a responsibility to deal with these corporations in terms of the social and ethical implications of their activities in the Philippines. Otherwise America could end up in another Southeast Asia quagmire worse than Vietnam.

An Oriana Fallaci Interview

The Shah of Iran

Oriana Fallaci: You said in another interview: "If I could have my life over again, I'd be a violinist, a surgeon, an archaeologist or a polo player, anything except a king."

Mohammed Reza Pahlevi: I don't remember saying that, but if I did, I was referring to the fact that a king's job is a big headache. But that doesn't mean I'd be ready to give it up. I believe in what I am and in what I'm doing too much for that. Where there's no monarchy, there's anarchy, or an oligarchy or a dictatorship. Besides, a monarchy is the only possible means to govern Iran. If I have been able to do something, a lot, in fact, for Iran, it is owing to the detail, slight as it may seem, that I'm its king. To get things done, one needs power, and to hold onto power one mustn't ask anyone's permission or advice. One mustn't discuss decisions with anyone. Of course, I may have made mistakes too. I too am human. However, I believe I have a task to carry out, a mission, and I intend to perform it to the end without renouncing my throne. One can't foretell the future, obviously, but I'm persuaded the monarchy in Iran will last longer than your regimes. Or maybe I ought to say that your regimes won't last and mine will.

Q: Your Majesty, how many times have they attempted to kill you?

A: Twice officially. Otherwise, God knows how many times. I'll stay alive till such time as I'll have finished what I set out to accomplish. And that day has been

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marked by God, not by those who wish to assassinate me.

Q: Then why do you look so sad, Your Majesty?
A: You may be right. At heart, maybe I'm a sad man. But it's a mystic sadness, so I believe. A sadness that stems from my mystical side. I wouldn't know how else to explain the circumstance, since I haven't the slightest reason to be sad. I have now attained all I ever wished for, both as man and as king. I really have everything, and my life proceeds like a splendid dream. Nobody in the world should be happier than me and yet . . . .

Q: It must be terribly lonely to be a king instead of a man.
A: A king who doesn't need to account to anyone for what he says and does is unavoidably doomed to loneliness. However, I'm not entirely alone, because a force others can't perceive accompanies me. My mystical force. Moreover, I receive messages. I have lived with God beside me since I was five years old. Since, that is, God sent me those visions.

Q: Visions?
A: Visions, yes. Apparitions.

Q: Of what? Of whom?
A: Of prophets. I'm really surprised you should ignore this. It is common knowledge that I've had visions. I've even put it down in my biography. As a child, I had two visions: one when I was five and one when I was six. The first time, I saw our Prophet Ali, he who, according to our religion, disappeared to return the day he would save the world. I had an accident: I fell against a rock. And he saved me: he placed himself between me and the rock. I know because I saw him. And not in a dream: in reality. Material reality, if you see what I mean. I alone saw him. The person who was with me didn't see him at all. But nobody else was supposed to see him except me because . . . Oh, I fear you don't understand me.

Q: No, Your Majesty. I don't understand you at all.
A: That's because you're not a believer. You don't believe in God and you don't believe me. Lots of people don't. Even my father didn't believe me. He never did and always laughed about it. Besides, lots of people, albeit respectfully, ask me whether I have never thought it might be just a trick of the imagination. Childish imagination. My answer is: no. No, because I believe in God, and that I have been chosen by God to perform a task. My visions were miracles that saved the country. My reign has saved the country, and it has done so because God was on my side.

Q: Did you have these visions only when you were a child, or when you were an adult too?
A: Never as an adult: only dreams.

Q: What dreams, Your Majesty?
A: Religious dreams. Dreams in which I saw what would happen within two or three months . . . Some believe in reincarnation, I believe in premonitions. The day they shot me from a distance of six feet, it was my instinct that saved me. Because, instinctively, while the assassin was emptying his revolver at me, I performed what, in boxing, is known as shadow dancing. And, a fraction of an instant before he aimed at my heart, I moved aside, so that the bullet embedded itself in my shoulder. A miracle. I believe in miracles too. If you consider how I was hit by five bullets, one in the face, one in the shoulder, one in the head and two in the body, and that the last stuck in the barrel because the trigger jammed . . . You have to believe in miracles. I see you're incredulous.

Q: Your Majesty, is it true you've taken another wife?
A: A stupid, vile, disgusting libel.

Q: But, Your Majesty, you're a Moslem. Your religion allows you to take another wife without repudiating Empress Farah Diba.
A: Yes, certainly. According to my religion, I could, so long as my wife grants her consent. And, to be honest, one must admit there are cases where . . . When a wife is ill, for instance, or when she refuses to perform her wifely duties, thereby causing her husband unhappiness . . . Let's face it! One has to be a hypocrite or an innocent to believe a husband will tolerate that kind of thing. In your society, when something like that occurs, doesn't a man take a mistress, or even more than one? Well, in our society, instead, a man can take another wife. So long as his first wife agrees and the court approves. Without those two conditions on which I have based my law, however, the new marriage cannot take place. So can you believe that I, my very self, would break the law by marrying in secret?

Q: Good. Let's say you deny everything Your Majesty, and . . .
A: I won't even bother to deny anything. I don't even want to be quoted in a denial.

Q: How strange, Your Majesty. If there is a monarch whose name has always been associated with women, it's you. And now I'm beginning to suspect women have counted for nothing in your life.
A: I fear your suspicion is justified. Women, you know

ORIANA FALLACI, *the Italian journalist, interviewed Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, the Shah of Iran, in his office in Teheran early in October. This is the fourth Fallaci interview to appear in this journal. The others were: Willy Brandt (October 6, 1973), Nguyen Van Thieu (January 20, 1973) and Henry Kissinger (December 16, 1972).*

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. . . Look, let's put it this way. I don't underestimate them, as shown by the fact that they have derived more advantages than anyone else from my White Revolution. I have fought strenuously to obtain equal rights and responsibilities for them. I have even incorporated them in the Army, where they get six months' military training before being sent to the villages to fight the battle against illiteracy. Nor should one forget that I'm the son of the man who removed women's veils in Iran. But I wouldn't be sincere if I asserted I'd been influenced by a single one of them. Nobody can influence me, nobody at all. And a woman still less. In a man's life, women count only if they're beautiful and graceful and know how to stay feminine and . . . This Women's Lib business, for instance. What do these feminists want? What do you want? Equality, you say? Indeed! I don't want to seem rude, but . . . You may be equal in the eyes of the law, but not, I beg your pardon for saying so, in ability.

Q: Aren't we?

A: No. You've never produced a Michelangelo or a Bach. You've never even produced a great cook. And don't talk of opportunities. Are you joking? Have you lacked the opportunity to give history a great cook? You have produced nothing great, nothing! Tell me, how many women capable of governing have you met in the course of interviews such as this?

Q: At least two, Your Majesty. Golda Meir and Indira Gandhi.

A: Hm . . . All I can say is that women, when they are in power, are much harsher than men. Much more cruel. Much more bloodthirsty. I'm quoting facts, not opinions. You're heartless when you're rulers. Think of Caterina de' Medici, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth I of England. Not to mention your Lucrezia Borgia, with her poisons and intrigues. You're schemers, you're evil. Every one of you.

Q: When I attempt to talk about you, here in Teheran, people withdraw into fearful silence. They don't even dare to utter your name. Your Majesty, why is that?

A: From exaggerated respect, I should suppose. Because, in fact, they don't behave that way at all with me. When I returned from America, I drove through the city in an open car and, from the airport to the palace, a crowd of at least half a million people, overcome with enthusiasm, applauded me wildly. They shouted patriotic slogans, cheered me lustily and showed no signs of a fearful silence such as you mention. Nothing has changed from the day I became King and the people lifted my car on their shoulders and carried it for three miles. Yes: three miles or so separated the house where I lived from the building where I was to take the oath of loyalty to the Constitution. And I was riding in that car. I had covered but a few yards when the crowd hoisted the car and bore it, like a litter, for the whole three miles' distance on their shoulders. What was your question intended to mean? That they're all against me?

Q: God forbid Your Majesty but would you deny that you're a very authoritarian king?

A: No, I wouldn't, because, in a sense, I am. But look: to go through with reform, one can't help but be authoritarian. Especially when reform takes place in a country like Iran, where only 25 percent of the inhabitants can read and write. Believe me, when you have three-quarters of a nation afflicted with illiteracy, only the most strict authoritarianism can ensure reform; otherwise nothing can be achieved. If I hadn't been strict, I couldn't have carried through even agricultural reform, and my whole program would have been at a standstill. If that had happened, the extreme left would have liquidated the extreme right within a few hours, and more would have been lost than the White Revolution. I had to act as I did. For instance, to order the troops to fire at those opposing land redistribution. So that to assert there is no democracy in Iran . . .

Q: But is there any democracy?

A: In many senses, Iran is more democratic than your countries in Europe. Apart from the fact that the peasants own their land, that the workmen participate in the management of their factories, that the great industrial complexes are owned by the State instead of being in private hands, you must know that elections here begin in the villages and take place at local, municipal and provincial levels. In Parliament, true, there are only two parties. But they are the ones that accept the 12 points of my White Revolution, and how many parties ought to represent the ideology of my White Revolution? Besides, those two are the only ones able to collect enough votes. The minority groups are so unimportant, so ridiculous, that they couldn't manage to get a single member elected. And, however that may be, I don't wish certain minority groups to elect a member to Parliament. Just as I don't wish the Communist Party to be legal. The Communists are outlawed in Iran. All they want is to destroy and destroy and destroy, and they reserve their loyalty for others than their country and king. They're traitors and I'd be crazy to allow them to exist.

Q: Maybe I explained myself badly, Your Majesty. The democracy I was referring to is the kind we consider such in the West, a regime that allows everyone to think as they wish and is based on a Parliament where even minorities are represented.

A: But I don't want that kind of democracy! Haven't you understood that? I don't know what to do with that kind of democracy! I don't want any part of it, it's all yours, you can keep it, don't you see? Your wonderful democracy. You'll see, in a few years, what your wonderful democracy leads to.

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Q: Well, at that, maybe it is a bit chaotic. But it's the only possible choice if one is to respect Man and his freedom of thought.
A: Freedom of thought, freedom of thought! Democracy, democracy! With five-year-olds going on strike and parading the street. Is that what you call democracy? Freedom?

Q: Yes, Your Majesty.
A: Well, I don't . . . Democracy, freedom, democracy! But what do these words mean?

Q: To my mind, they mean, for instance, not removing certain books from shop windows when Nixon visits Teheran. I know my book on Vietnam was removed from the bookshops when Nixon came here and only put back after he left.
A: What?

Q: Yes, indeed.
A: But you're not on the black list by any chance, are you?

Q: Here in Teheran? I don't know. Possibly. I'm on everyone's black list, more or less.
A: Well, because, you know, I'm receiving you here at the palace, and you're seated beside me at this minute . . .

Q: That shows great kindness on your part.
A: It certainly shows we have democracy and freedom here.

Q: How many political prisoners are there today in Iran?
A: I don't know the exact figure. It depends on what you mean by political prisoners. If it's Communists you mean, for instance, I don't consider them political prisoners because communism is against the law. It follows that a Communist is not a political prisoner but a common criminal. If you mean the terrorists whose actions cause the death of innocents, women, children and old people, I obviously consider them even less in the light of political prisoners. To these, I show no mercy. I've always granted a pardon to those who attempted to assassinate me, but I've never shown the slightest mercy to the criminals you call guerrilla fighters or to traitors to the country. They're a kind of people capable of killing my son only with the aim of plotting against public safety. They're people we must eliminate.

Q: In fact, you do have them executed, don't you?
A: Those guilty of homicide, certainly. They are shot. But not because they're Communists, because they're terrorists.

Q: I was wondering what you think of Allende's death.
A: I believe his death teaches us a lesson: one has to be one thing or the other, be on one side or the other, if one wants to achieve anything and win. Halfway measures, compromises, are unfeasible. In other words, either one is a revolutionary or one demands law and order. One can't be a revolutionary with law and order. And even less with tolerance. If Allende wanted to rule according to his Marxist ideas, why didn't he organize himself better? When Castro came to power, he killed at least 10,000 people while you commended him for being capable. Well, in a sense, he really was capable, because he's still in power. So am I, however. And I intend to stay there and to demonstrate that one can achieve a great many things by the use of force, show even that your old socialism is finished. Old, obsolete, finished. They talked of socialism 100 years ago, wrote about it 100 years ago. Nowadays, it no longer agrees with modern technology. I achieve more than the Swedes and, if you notice, even in Sweden the Socialists are losing ground. Huh. Swedish socialism! It didn't even nationalize forests and water. But I have.

Q: Are you telling me that, in a sense, you're a Socialist and that your socialism is more advanced and modern than the Scandinavians'?
A: Certainly. Because that socialism means security for those who don't work and yet receive a salary at the end of the month like those who work, whereas my White Revolution is an incentive to work. It is a new, original kind of socialism and . . . believe me, in Iran we're far more advanced than you and really have nothing to learn from you. But that's a thing you Europeans will never write; the international press is infiltrated to such a degree by left-wingers, by so-called progressives. That left! It's even corrupted the clergy. Even the priesthood! Even priests are turning into elements aiming merely at destruction, destruction and more destruction. And in Latin American countries, if you please, in Spain of all places! It seems incredible. They abuse their own church. Their own church! They talk of injustice, of equality . . . That left! You'll see, you'll see where it takes you.

Q: Let's come back to you, Your Majesty. Which is your worst neighbor today?
A: One never knows which neighbor is worst. I'd say, however, that at present it's Iraq. Iraq is ruled by a group of crazy, bloodthirsty savages and . . . do you know they force our people to cross the minefields along the frontier on foot? That's right. Iranians wishing to come home because they're persecuted in Iraq have to cross our minefields on foot. Dozens of armless and legless people are in the hospital.

Q: I'm surprised that you should mention Iraq as your worst neighbor. I was expecting you to mention the Soviet Union.
A: We've good diplomatic and trade relations with the

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Soviet Union. There's a gas pipeline between our two countries. We sell our gas to the Soviet Union. We have Soviet technicians here. And the Cold War is over. But the question with Soviet Russia will always be the same and, when negotiating with the Russians, Iran must always remember the chief dilemma: to become Communist or not? There's nobody so crazy or naive as to deny the existence of Russian imperialism. And, although an imperialist policy has always existed in Russia, there's no denying it's far more dangerous nowadays, linked as it is with Communist dogma. What I mean is, it's easier to face countries that are merely imperialist than countries that are imperialist and Communist at once. There exists what I call the USSR's pincer movement. There exists their dream of reaching the Indian Ocean through the Persian Gulf. And Iran is the last bastion defending our civilization, what we consider decent. Should they decide to attack this bastion, our survival would depend only on our ability and will to resist. So the problem of resistance already looms today.

Q: And Iran is strong today, as regards military preparation, isn't it?

A: Yes, but still not strong enough to be able to resist a Russian attack. That's obvious. For instance, I haven't the atom bomb. However, I feel strong enough to resist should a Third World War break out. Yes, I did say a Third World War. Lots of people believe a Third World War can only break out on account of the Mediterranean, whereas I maintain it could break out much more easily over Iran. Much more easily! It's we who control the world's resources of energy. To reach the rest of the world, oil doesn't pass through the Mediterranean: it passes through the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. So, should the Soviet Union attack us, we'd resist. And we'd probably be overcome, after which the non-Communist countries would not just stand there looking on. They would intervene. Which would mean the Third World War. Have I made myself clear?

Q: Perfectly and painfully. Because you speak of the Third World War as of something likely to happen quite soon.

A: I speak of it as of something possible with the hope it doesn't occur. As an occurrence in the not-so-distant future, I see the possibility of a small war with some neighbor or other. After all, we have nothing but enemies on our frontiers.

Q: While your best friend, the United States, is geographically distant.

A: If you're asking me whom I consider our best friends, the answer is: the United States amongst others. The United States understands us best for the simple reason they have many interests here. Economic, therefore direct interests, and political, therefore indirect interests . . . Iran is the key, or one of the keys, of the world. I only have to add that the United States cannot withdraw within the frontiers of their country, they cannot revert to the Monroe Doctrine. They are compelled to respect their responsibilities to the world and, consequently to attend to us. This detracts nothing from our independence, because everyone knows our friendship with the United States doesn't make us their slaves.

Q: The United States is also a good friend of Israel and, lately, you have addressed Jerusalem in very harsh terms.

A: Our policy is founded on fundamental principles and we can't countenance one country, Israel in this case, annexing territory by force of arms. We can't because, if this principle is applied to the Arabs, it may one day be applied to us. You'll retort that it's always been like that, that frontiers have always shifted following the use of arms and war. I agree, but that's not a good reason for recognizing this fact as a valid principle. Moreover, as you know, Iran has accepted the United Nations resolution, and if the Arabs lose faith in the United Nations, how are they to be convinced they've been defeated? How are they to be prevented from seeking revenge? Using their oil as a weapon, probably, too? Their oil will go to their heads. In fact, it already has.

Q: You side with the Arabs yet sell oil to Israel.

A: Oil is sold by the companies, therefore to anyone. Our oil goes everywhere: why not Israel too? And why should I care if it goes to Israel? Wherever it goes, it goes.

Q: Does such a policy forecast the day when normal diplomatic relations will be established between Iran and Israel?

A: No. Or, better, not until the question of the withdrawal of Israeli troops from occupied territory has been solved. And as regards the possibility of this question being solved, all I can say is that the Israelis have no choice if they want to live in peace with the Arabs.

Q: We all know it's thanks to oil you have computers, that it's thanks to oil you can turn out machine-made carpets and that it's oil you'll have to thank for your future wealth. May we discuss the policy you've adopted as regards oil, and concerning the West?

A: It's quite simple. I've got this oil and I can't drink it. However, I know I can exploit it to the full without blackmailing the rest of the world and even attempting to prevent its being used to blackmail the rest of the world. I've therefore chosen the policy of ensuring its sale to everyone, indiscriminately. It wasn't a difficult choice. I've never thought of siding with the Arab countries who threatened to blackmail the West. I've already said my country is independent, and everyone

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knows my country is Moslem but not Arab, and consequently, I don't act according to the convenience of the Arabs but according to the interests of Iran. Moreover, Iran needs money, and one can make a lot of money with oil. That's the whole difference between me and the Arabs. Because countries that say "we-won't-sell-the-West-any-more-oil" are countries that don't know what to do with their money. In many cases they have a population of no more than 6- or 700,000 souls and so much money in the bank that they could subsist for three or four years without pumping a drop of oil, without selling a single barrel. I can't.

Q: Meanwhile, Kaddafi of Libya calls you a traitor.
A: Traitor? Me, a traitor, when I've taken the whole business into my hands and already own 51 percent of the production formerly the exclusive property of foreign oil companies? I wasn't aware Mr. Kaddafi had addressed such an insult to me and . . . Look, I can't take that Mr. Kaddafi seriously at all. I can only wish him the ability to serve his country as I'm serving mine, I can only remind him that he shouldn't be so vociferous. The Libyan oil reserves will be exhausted 10 years from now. My oil, on the other hand, will last at least 30 or 40 years. Maybe 50 or 60, even. It depends on whether new fields are discovered or not, and it is very probable they will be. But even if that doesn't materialize, we'll still manage very well indeed. Our production is increasing daily. In 1976 we'll be extracting as much as eight million barrels a day. Eight million barrels are a lot.

Q: Be that as it may, you've made a number of enemies.
A: It's possible my decision not to blackmail the West may induce the Arabs to follow my example. If not all the Arabs, some of them at least. If not at once, within a short time. Some countries are not independent like Iran, they haven't the experts Iran has, and they haven't the popular backing I have. I can dictate my own conditions. They can't yet. It isn't easy to reach a point where you can sell your oil directly, without interference from the companies that have held a monopoly for years and years. And even if the Arab countries could bring themselves to follow my example . . . Indeed, it would be so much simpler, and safer too, if the countries of the West were mere purchasers and we direct purveyors. It would put an end to resentment, blackmail, grudges and enmity . . . Yes, it is quite possible that I may set a good example and, however that may be, I'm going my own way, forging straight ahead. Our doors are wide open to whoever wants to sign a contract with us, and many have already offered. British, Americans, Japanese, Dutch, Germans . . . They were so scared at the beginning. But now they get ever more daring.

Q: Meanwhile the price of oil will keep on rising?
A: Of course it's going to rise. Certainly! And how! You can spread the bad news and add that it comes from someone who knows what he's talking about. I know everything there is to know about oil, everything. I'm a real specialist and it's as a specialist that I tell you: the price of oil must rise. There's no other solution. However, it's a solution you of the West have wished on yourselves. Or, if you prefer, a solution wished on you by your ultra-civilized industrial society. You've increased the price of the wheat you sell us by 300 percent, and the same for sugar and cement. You've sent petrochemical prices rocketing. You buy our crude oil and sell it back to us, refined as petrochemicals, at a hundred times the price you've paid us. You make us pay more, scandalously more, for everything, and it's only fair that, from now on, you should pay more for oil. Let's say . . . 10 times more.

Q: Ten times more?
A: But it's you, I repeat, who force me to raise prices! You'll have your reasons, certainly. But I too, begging your pardon, have mine. Besides, we won't go on squabbling forever. In less than 100 years, this oil business will be finished. The need for oil increases daily, existing fields are becoming exhausted, and you'll soon have to seek some other source of energy. Atomic, solar or what not. You'll have to resort to several solutions, one won't be enough. For instance, you'll have to exploit the power of the ocean tides with turbines. Or else you'll have to dig deeper, seek oil 10,000 meters below the sea-bed or at the North Pole . . . I don't know. All I know is that the time has already arrived to take measures, not to waste oil as we always have. It's a crime to use it as we do nowadays.

Q: This curse we call oil.
A: I sometimes wonder whether that isn't indeed the case. So much has been written on the curse called oil and believe me: when one has it, on one hand it's an advantage but on the other it's a great inconvenience. Because it represents such a danger. The world could blow up on account of that cursed oil. And even if, like me, one fights the threat . . . You're smiling . . .

Q: I see you are smiling too now. You aren't looking so sad. What a pity we can't agree on the matter of the black lists.
A: But can you really be on the black list?

Q: If you don't know, the King of Kings, he who knows all . . . As I've told you, it's possible. I'm on everybody's black list.
A: What a pity. Or rather, it doesn't matter. Even if you're on my authorities' black list, I'll put you on my heart's white one.

Q: You frighten me, Your Majesty.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Boom Boom Room

(Vivian Beaumont)

Joseph Papp was invited to take over the management of the two legitimate theaters at Lincoln Center last spring, a move that recognized the artistic bankruptcy of previous managements and Papp's energetic work at the Public Theater downtown and the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park. Almost at once Papp announced a reversal of policy: instead of using the big theater (the Vivian Beaumont) for revivals and the small theater (the Forum) for new plays, as had been done, he would invert matters. The downstairs place (now rebaptized the Mitzi E. Newhouse, for a benefactor) would do Shakespeare; upstairs, the main house would be devoted to new plays.

This policy is elaborated in a manifesto in Papp's first Beaumont program book. The statement slights every kind of theater worker other than the playwright, which is odd because every kind of theater worker other than the playwright is much more dependable for good work, year in and year out; but, in the main, it puts forth a tenable policy, for New York, for America. As against Germany, for instance, where the municipal theater's *grosses Haus* is used for accepted works and the *kleines Haus* for experiment, there is no longer in the New York theater public a tradition of revival-going, as there still is in the opera public. And the present social climate can, quite understandably, press an alert theater manager to respond to the world around him with responsive plays. This could especially be true at Lincoln Center which, though certainly not the only such institution in New York, is the city's premier institutional theater, still struggling to deserve the spotlight that was arbitrarily fixed on it from the start.

Papp has now presented his first new production in the Beaumont and, allowing for the fact that it bears the extra burden of being his first work there, it is still a very discouraging debut. *Boom Boom Room* is the fourth play by the young American, David Rabe, all of which Papp has produced. The first three, which range from the spottily good to the dreadful, I've discussed earlier (*TNR*, May 26, '73). This new play is a semi-realistic, semi-expressionist work about a Philadelphia go-go girl, daughter of a casual criminal father and a vapid mother, sexual prey of dozens of men, how she got that way and how she declines to a new nadir. (In Rabe's vocabulary, this means going topless in New York.)

The theme, the ravaging of a female social-sexual victim, is so familiar that one *counts* on the familiarity, in a way: one assumes that the author would never have chosen it unless he was convinced he had new insights or an artistic vision of the subject that in itself would afford new insights. (Which is what Barbara Loden had in her excellent, comparable film *Wanda*.) Not so. Not Rabe. Clearly, one can say after the fourth experience of him, his notion of playwriting is to get a clever device, impressively flashy, then just fill in the rest of the play as needed. Previously he has used old German expressionist anti-militarist dream techniques; or a blind Vietnam veteran with an invisible Vietnamese girlfriend in his Midwest home; or a combination of the Oresteia myth with Mylai and Charles Manson. After these initial gimmicks, he seems to have said, who could question my gravity or power?

Some can—even after his new gimmick. He puts *Boom Boom Room* in a multiple set, with six large gilded cages hanging from the roof, rope ladders going up to each. At the start five go-go girls come out and climb to the cages. From time to time, they writhe, comment, come down and do numbers with their leader; but their real purpose is to show that Rabe is theatrically brilliant. I didn't feel I needed them around continuously to emphasize the heroine's sex-object fate; it was Rabe who needed them.

Because without that flashy device, it would have become clear quickly that an adolescent intellect was pompously restating what all of us over 14 know: that he has padded these social-characterological clichés with torturous fake-emotional ramblings, peopled his play with stereotypes (the three principal men are a shy clerk, a truckdriver and a homosexual), and has lolled in long detours of reminiscence that are like plastic Chekhov. And besides studding his dialogue with old jokes, he keeps re-using a stale naturalistic dialogue device. Someone is talking about subject A, suddenly interpolates something about B (as if in a sting of memory), then continues with A; finishes that; pauses, then wistfully returns to B. In Rabe's heavy hands, it becomes a vaudeville formula.

Santo Loquasto's scene design tries to grapple with the space problems of the Beaumont—he has even shifted the whole stage to one side—but he hasn't lost the converted-gym feeling of the place. The cast is mostly deplorable, although Charles Durning is adequate in the easy role of the father. Madeline Kahn, who was the cooch dancer in *Paper Moon*, is a competent small-part actress; here, as the heroine, she is smothered in an immense part, full of climaxes that are ungrounded in the role and that have to be pumped up rhetorically. I thought that Kahn would collapse before the long evening ended, that oxygen would be needed. The play was directed by Julie Bovasso, one of the arch amateurs of Off Off Broadway, who left before the opening; her job was taken over by Papp. He ought never to direct. Whatever other abilities he may have, directing—I can say after 15 years of watching him—is not one of them.

What Papp does generally is of importance to the American theater because he controls so much and is now running this "flagship" theater. He has opted to emphasize new plays, particularly plays of social response, at this flagship, instead of continuing the effort (unsuc-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Bang the Drum Slowly. A baseball picture, even for nonfans. Good direction and acting make it enjoyably sentimental.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. Jerry Bruck's fine documentary about a fine political journalist, especially cheering in these gummy times.

The Long Goodbye. Elliott Gould as a spoof-serious private eye, out of Raymond Chandler via Robert Altman's wit.

The New Land. Jan Troell, Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow complete the Swedish-American epic they began with *The Emigrants*. Bravo.

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Russian Parnassian

Complete Poetry of Osip Emilevich Mandelstam
trans. Burton Raffel and Alla Burago
introduction and notes, Sidney Monas
(State University of New York Press; $15)

Mandelstam
by Clarence Brown
(Cambridge University Press; $13.95)

Mandelstam has of late been rising so in stature that it is not too absurd to say that some day Stalin's claim to immortality will be reduced to the circumstance that he caused this great poet's untimely death. Mandelstam is a legend (carefully nurtured, but also debunked where necessary, by his widow), a brilliant prose stylist and critic, and a poet second only to Pushkin. He is Russia's finest Parnassian poet, among those who expressed best—to use his own expression—Russia's "nostalgia for world culture." To paraphrase Mandelstam once more, he said in Russian verse what heretofore had been said only in Greek, or Latin, or Italian. He is Blok's equal as a poet who can hear "the hum of time," the creator of a poetic style and of an enchanted world of pure poetry which is uniquely his own.

The two books under review are important steps toward making Mandelstam accessible to the English-speaking public. The very fact that we now have all of his poems in English is a triumph. Only a poet of Mandelstam's stature could conquer parts of his poetic world for the English language; an appreciation of his *opus* is now possible in translation. As Croce says, understanding a poem amounts ideally to being able to re-create it—with the poet's aid, to be sure. A translation may trigger a gifted reader's imagination and aim it in the right direction. A statement of the poet's ideas will provide guidance and control. Philological commentary will do the same, on a smaller scale: it will provide knowledge to be kept in abeyance so long as everything goes well, to be pressed into service whenever intuition falls into error. Sidney Monas' introduction is an excellent statement of some of Mandelstam's key ideas: "the blessed, crazy word," "the fourth estate," "the hum of time" are eminently useful as passwords to Mandelstam's world, and Monas lucidly conveys the concepts behind these percepts. Clarence Brown produces, in his book, a wealth of material which is bound to correct past errors in the interpretation of Mandelstam and facilitate further exegesis.

Today two basic tendencies exist in our endeavor to develop a canon of interpretation for Mandelstam's poetry. Some critics stress its melodic aspect and are inclined to see a dose of the irrational and alogical in it, with a residue of phrases and images that resist analysis. Others will point to Mandelstam's own acknowledgement of *logos* in poetry and insist on treating obscure poems as riddles which can and must be solved. K. F. Taranovski, one of the best analysts of Mandelstam's *melos*, has also been eminently successful in solving many a Mandelstamian riddle. Obviously his insights can hardly be duplicated by readers of the English version. Sidney Monas' running commentary and Clarence Brown's remarks on the poems analyzed by him are helpful, but there are not enough of them. An English reader cannot read Mandelstam without detailed commentary. For example when we read, in Raffel's translation, about "a simple rider wrapped in fish-furs," we are puzzled, and when we read Brown's—correct—translation about "a passenger like any other, in a sleezy coat," we miss the "inner form" of the image. A note to the effect that "wrapped in fish-furs" is a sarcastic Russian idiom meaning "shivering in a threadbare coat" would help.

Virtually all of Mandelstam's poetry is in rhymed, accented verse. He is a melodic poet: rhythm and sound patterns play a very active role in his poetry. It is this level that is most difficult to analyze and most difficult to translate. Brown makes a number of perceptive observations on the acoustic level of some of the poems that he analyzes, it would seem felicitously, as a rule.

Raffel has not only decided against trying to duplicate Mandelstam's rhythms and sound patterns; he also avoids "melodious" lines where they naturally suggest themselves. But Brown translates literally: "And Susanna must await the elders," getting a trochaic pentameter, which is the meter of the original, while Raffel has the oblique: "And Susanna can only wait for the elders." Raffel gives up on the acoustic level, leaving him a free hand to concentrate on the other levels: objective semantic content, imagery and poetic structure. On all of these levels Raffel stays close to the original. Wherever he has strayed from it, he almost invariably loses rather than gains in expressive power. One example for each of these levels: The first stanza of No. 228 reads thus in Raffel's translation: "A Jewish musiker, / Alex Herzovitch, / wound his Schubert around and around / like diamond." I have no argument with Raffel's "wound his Schubert around and around"—the original has a colloquialism which literally means just that. But "musiker" is Yiddish, and there is no trace of any non-Russian element in the original. Rather, this poem has more than its share of Russian "idioms." As both Monas and Brown suggest, Mandelstam's Jewishness is not a part of his poetic style. He treats Jewish themes as he treats Italian or classical themes: by breaking them through the prism of a Russian poet's consciousness. Raffel's version lowers the pathos of the poem. Mandelstam's Alexander Herzevich (there also is a difference between "Alex" and "Alexander"!) is a tragic musician, Raffel's is merely a pathetic *musiker*.

For an example of deviations from the imagery as well as from the poetic structure of the original, see the conclusion of "A Slate Ode," Mandelstam's greatest poem: "and I want to get my fingers into / that stony road out of Lermontov's song, / as into an ulcer, closing a juncture, / flint and water, horseshoes and flaming rings." The "old song" of the original is Lermontov's, so Raffel's translation substitutes explication for allusion: perfectly sound. The original suggests, by the use of an archaism for "finger," that *iazva* is an archaic "wound" rather than a modern "ulcer." The image is that of Thomas thrusting his finger into Christ's wound. I believe that Raffel has made a mistake in choosing to obscure

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the biblical allusion. The punctuation of the original shows that the juncture is that of flint and water, ring and horseshoe. Again Raffel has chosen to leave this open. The adjective "flaming" is an addition of the translator's. The symbolism here is conventional: "horseshoe" for fleeting fortune, "ring" for union and stability. These obvious symbols permit some orientation in an otherwise obscure poem. Raffel has chosen to sacrifice this structural function of the horseshoe-ring image to a superficial visual effect. Space will not allow more examples, but at least one or two can be found in most poems translated by Raffel. Nevertheless his translations are basically accurate. How much poetry they convey to the English reader, this reviewer cannot tell. Such is the paradox of literary translation: he who can evaluate its accuracy is disqualified from assessing its effectiveness, since the "background noise" of the original interferes with his reception; and he who can testify to its effectiveness as poetry has no way of telling if the poetry is the original's.

Victor Terras

Blacks' Burden

Interviews with Black Writers edited by John O'Brien

(Liveright; $8.95)

This is a satisfying collection of interviews with 17 black American, non-political male writers (in the main) over 40. They range from Arna Bontemps to the innovative novelist Clarence Major. Ralph Ellison is the most familiar of the book's distinguished names, which include fiction writers Cyrus Colter, William Demby, Ernest J. Gaines, Ishmael Reed, Julian Mayfield, Ann Petry, John Wideman, John Williams and Charles Wright, and poets Owen Dodson, Michael Harper, Robert Hayden, Alice Walker and Al Young. Should a reader be unfamiliar with these authors, the book can serve to whet his taste. If he knows them, it's an interesting venture into their thoughts, more accessible than scholarly essays and critical studies.

The interviews are as varied as their subjects, but the uneven mood makes the book more readable. To his credit O'Brien doesn't try to size up his authors or fit them into a definition of black literature. He asks appropriate questions about the special visions and problems of black writers, but his primary concern is with his subjects as artists, observers of a human, not exclusively black experience. He therefore objects to editors who fling black writers together because they are black, with no regard for the usual literary distinctions. The current passion for emphasizing "black" at the expense of "writer" is one facet of a complex literary racism, which at its worst serves to bastardize blacks as artists. This is the most interesting line of thought to come out of the interviews. The majority of these writers seem caught in a crossfire, with many white critics and publishers demanding they tell it like it is down in the ghetto, and many black critics demanding they confine themselves to black pride and white injustice. Alice Walker asserts that the whole of black literature, as well as individual black writers, has suffered from this kind of racism. She says that black and white critics simply assume that a book about a black family, or a man and a woman, is somehow less important than those with white people as primary antagonists. As a consequence black writers (aside from Toomer in *Cane)* have been unable to produce a book "that exposes the subconscious of a people." While her conclusion is debatable, her frustration is justifiable, an unfortunate burden for a young writer to bear.

And she's not alone. Owen Dodson, who began publishing poetry and fiction in the 1940s, now has difficulty in finding an outlet for some of his work that isn't "black" enough. Naturally there is some pointed resentment on the part of writers who resist coercion to pander to the popular image of blacks, for those who seem to perpetuate the image. Dodson also attacks Ed Bullins, described in *The New York Times* as one of the greatest dramatists in the world. "Here is a man who is presenting or thinks he presenting a whole race and that race is doing nothing but cursing, fucking and farting." And he adds, "the black writer has no obligation to 'blackness.' He's got an obligation to what he sees and what he feels and what he knows." Of course this is an old but increasingly frequent complaint of black artists. Yet we continually see reviews

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which seem to stress the importance of the "black image" more than the creative force of the writer's art. Al Young, having gone through a period of rejection because of the lack of blackness in his work, sees the revolutionary, fist-waving image of blacks as an extension of the 1950s' stereotyped black man in a button-down collar and Ivy League suit (he might have added here the image of blacks as helpless victims), an extension of the Kingfish and Rochester images, and so on, as far back as our native racism goes.

A point more subtle, but related to that of an obligatory black image, is the question of a black esthetic. In a turnabout from his 1967 essay, "A Black Criterion," which calls for black writers to break away from Westernized literary strictures, Clarence Major claims that there is no all-encompassing black esthetic. Despite the differences etched in blacks by history and racial climate, they are still part of a "common American experience." He adds, "we work in English; it may be black English, but at its roots, it's English." On the other hand Julian Mayfield argues not only that there is a black esthetic, but that it cannot be avoided. "While there are black writers who would like to experiment in areas not so urgent and political, they would also not like to get shot, or to finish their work in a concentration camp."

Although John Williams also believes blacks have had forced upon them a concern for survival that doesn't burden white writers, he does not feel there is a fundamental esthetic difference which demands that black authors be critically compared only to other black authors. He would like to be compared to his contemporaries, Styron, Mailer and Bruce J. Friedman, to see Richard Wright and Chester Himes compared to Hemingway. With only a few exceptions critics are content to leave what seems to be an important challenge unmet, implying that white and black writers defy comparison.

Obscuring the matter further is the fact that black and white *critics* have a way of intimidating each other. A leading black monthly notes that a white reviewer had praised Walker's novel, *The Third Life of Grange Copeland.* This must have been an indication that the book was no good, for it was not reviewed in the monthly. O'Brien gets in his lick, however unintentionally, in his introduction: "Just as the terminology of Western music with its accent upon regularity and formal structure . . . has little relevance to jazz, the terminology we have for Western literature has little relevance to black literature." I say unintentional because he wasn't actually talking about the qualifications of critics here—he is himself a fine critic in the modern Western tradition. Yet this cautions a white reviewer daring to approach black literature.

A positive effect of the pressure of literary racism, black images and black esthetics, might be that young black fiction writers are able to explore the novel in daring ways, or, as Williams puts it, to do to the novel what Charlie Parker did to jazz: see the exciting, multidimensional experimentation of Demby, Major, Reed, William Melvin Kelley and George Lamming. Although it is probably cultural racism that forces these writers to turn away from the Western literary tradition hovering over their white counterparts, it may happen that the experimentalists will eventually overcome that racism for black artists in general. It is becoming physically impossible (in addition to esthetically unprofitable) to talk about their work in a sociopolitical voice, without first considering form and literary fiber. Consequently certain critics and publishers may soon be forced to arrive at what should have been their point of departure, the recognition that black writers, like all other writers, are artists, with no necessary extra-artistic responsibility.

Since the greater part of this review deals with racial points, it must be said that, happily, most of O'Brien's questions are of the standard critical-interview fare, having to do with themes, characters, initial conceptions of stories, work habits and so on. The introductions to each author are usually well done; I was just as comfortable with O'Brien's brief synopses of works I hadn't read as with those I had. But I wish he had spent a sentence or two in every introduction—as he did in some—describing the voice, gestures and speaking habits of his authors, which adds much to that sense of spontaneity.

As for individual interviews: the Ellison piece is disappointing. Perhaps I expected the superstar of the volume to carry too heavy a load. Also, O'Brien avoids vital questions of literary sexism, or the lack of it, in the Walker and Petry interviews. But the Bontemps section, in which the poet compares the Harlem Renaissance to the black publishing explosion of our own time, is well done. I like the interview with Mayfield, who hopes the younger generations will abandon the American Dream that "has always been false as far as blacks are concerned," and who denigrates the notion of a black identity crisis: "If a black man doesn't know who he is, he need only wait upon the first white person he meets who will indicate it to him." The interviews with Demby, Dodson, Hayden, Major and Reed are also good, the book as a whole worthy of note.

Steven Stosney

Education and Culture

The American University by Talcott Parsons and Gerald Platt

(Harvard University Press; $15)

Hegel once wrote: "The owl of Minerva begins its flight only with the oncoming of night." Intellectuals, he thought, begin to analyze an institution seriously when it begins to decline. During the latter half of the 1960s, America's 2400 colleges and universities began to lose some of the extraordinary esteem, influence, popularity and easy money that had been theirs in the previous decade, became suddenly subjects of study. With the campus revolts of 1968-1970 a small flood of articles and books about higher education was let loose, beginning, I suppose, with Clark Kerr's little book of 1963, *The Uses of the University.* Since then we have been given the uneven but exceedingly astute study by Riesman and Jencks, the aristocratic observations of Jacques Barzun, the rambling, incisive analysis of Daniel Bell, the radical daydreams of Robert Paul Wolff, the stern reminders of Sidney Hook, and the icy perceptiveness of the essays collected by Kruytbosch and Messinger, among several others, the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education's four-foot shelf of books and pamphlets.

Now we have this strange and marvelous volume by the 71-year-old dean of American sociological theory, Talcott Parsons, and a colleague, Gerald Platt of the University of Massachusetts. The book reveals as much about Parsons and the state of modern sociology as it does about the American university. It is important as an indicative, stabbing

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book, not as a coherent analytical work about universities. As the authors put it in their own dense language, "Our main interest is with the *cognitive* subdivision of the culture of modern society."

Parsons started his academic life as an economist, studying under Malinowski and Hobhouse at the London School of Economics, and was heavily influenced by Max Weber and Emile Durkheim, and to a lesser extent by Freud and the economist Alfred Marshall. It was his translation that introduced Weber's seminal work on *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* to English-speaking readers.

Parsons joined the faculty at Harvard, where he spent nearly his whole academic life, and eventually developed a social theory in which personality, society and culture constitute a trinity of systems that enable a person to throw a scientific net over all social life. By studying individuals, their institutions, and their values, beliefs and expressive symbols—and the "interpenetration" of each—one could arrive at a "general theory of action." (Later Parsons added a fourth element: the biological and deep-rooted drives of each human animal.)

Originally for Parsons—and unlike Marx—no one of the three interacting forces had causal primacy, nor were there historically distinct periods; there was merely a tireless interplay in all societies of personality, society and culture. But this scheme brought a fusillade of criticism upon Parsons. He was told he lacked an appreciation of power and the charisma of historical figures; that he largely ignored the place of politics; that his theory had no motor for social change; and that his triadic balancing act was actually a cover for his basic conservatism. Under this pressure Parsons undertook to make his theory more hierarchical, with the cultural system—values, beliefs, ideas—as the apex of action, with the social structures "institutionalizing" the cultural norms and individual persons "internalizing" them.

Largely because of his dedication to building a viable abstract system, Parsons has also been notorious as a Genghis Khan of English prose. The late C. Wright Mills, that blunt and brilliant fellow sociologist, once characterized Parsons' work as 50 percent verbiage, 40 percent textbook sociology and 10 percent conservative ideology. But with Parsons' drift toward the primacy of ideas and symbols, his preference for abstract language, the passive voice, few concrete details and examples, and his heroic attempt to provide a theoretical framework for all empirical social inquiry, he must be regarded as the Hegel of American sociology. No work of his should be overlooked.

I mention all this about Parsons and his work because if you picked up this book without some foreknowledge it might strike you as a baffling, pretentious piece of academese. I believe it is not. For one thing the authorship is somewhat unusual. Written by Parsons and Platt with the collaboration of Neil J. Smelser (another sociologist), the book was researched by Rachel Javetz. Then it was edited and rewritten by Jackson Toby of Rutgers since, as Parsons winningly says in the preface, "there has been so much concern over the years with the difficulty of simply reading my work intelligibly."

For another, the authors are not so much interested in the workings of "the American university" in all its variety and programs as in the role of certain elite US universities in shaping the contemporary culture of this nation and possibly others. Parsons is not a sociologist but a theorist of sociology. As the authors warn readers in advance, "the study will attempt to be accurate with respect to relevant matters of fact, but will also select facts by the use of a complicated theoretical scheme."

For Parsons and Platt modern societies have been shaped by three structural upheavals: the industrial revolution, the democratic revolution and the educational revolution. Since education provides the underpinnings for the new intricate, industrial world and for a durable democratic polity, Parsons says, "I had long decided that higher education, including the research complex, had become the most critical single feature of the developing structure of modern societies." So the book is actually about how the university in our time has become the formal institutional carrier of what Parsons calls "cognitive rationality," an increasingly dominant force in our culture, which influences the other institutions of society and the personality of many people, often to the neglect of "expressive-aesthetic interests."

The book seems to be several books in one. After two chapters of theoretical explanation (each with its own appendix), there are three chapters on graduate training, the "core sector of the university"; on undergraduate education, where students are primarily "socialized" for higher levels of intellectual effort and sensibility and for more rational approaches to work; and on professional school training, where there is the use of "cognitive resources for practical goals."

Then there are three more easily readable chapters that are almost separate essays. The first, and most historical in tone, describes how intellectuals have moved from outside the university to within. While Edmund Burke, Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, Darwin, Lenin and other intellectuals of the past worked outside universities, most of today's leading intellectuals are inside, using modern technology—telephones, television, newspapers, magazines and jet planes—to spread their gospel of rationality and cognitive values.

The second, and my favorite, is an imaginative and marvelously suggestive essay comparing the present crisis of the universities to a 1929-like economic crash. The chapter must be the most extended metaphor in modern sociological writing, describing how the universities, as "fiduciary institutions," have gotten themselves into a precarious inflationary situation. The chapter brings a fresh and arresting perspective to modern university affairs.

The last chapter, "Continuity and Change," is to me dismaying. Chiefly about continuity and critical of most major change on our campuses, the rigid departmental structures, grading, tenure and other attributes and prerogatives of professorial life are steadfastly upheld. The teaching vs. research tension is dismissed as a "false" controversy. Continued growth of intellectual effort in our time is linked directly with adherence to the status quo at elite universities; the authors support only slow, cautious, incremental change. Not one word of criticism of the professors themselves appears on these pages.

For all the book's unsteadiness of outlook and meticulous theoretical positioning, there are insights throughout, and there is a tone about it that I find delightful. The authors set forth their views with humility and with a nice sense that they are on treacherous ground; there is no arrogance or tenacity here. Yet I think the book is not audacious enough. Several times Parsons and Platt illuminate some truth about the modern university, only to drop it too quickly and neglect to follow its implications for the "ideal type" of university they depict.

When at two separate times they note

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that "faculty members of all levels" now identify with their disciplines and not with their universities or their teaching roles, we are given a glimpse of what may be the new university condition, where scholarly professionals, loyal chiefly to different national guilds, reluctantly gather with clusters of shrewd, wary student-consumers at scattered meeting grounds while increasingly powerless administrators—and more often now the outside public—try to act as brokers for an amiable exchange of dollars and knowledge, to the benefit of both constituencies—and for the future of civilized life.

George Keller

Superiority by Gender

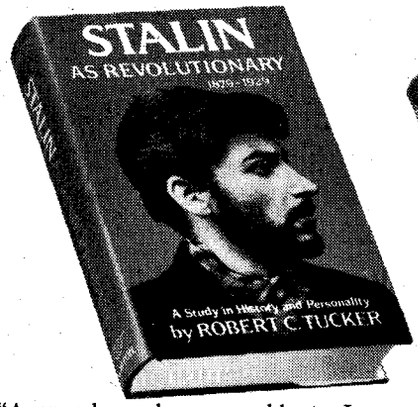
Sexual Suicide
by George Gilder

(Quadrangle; $7.95)

George Gilder has produced a polemical work to prove to American society that sex differences are "the single most important fact of human society," and to warn us that unless we stop the campaigns to completely deny or minimize these differences, civilization as we know it will die, a victim of sexual suicide.

According to Gilder's schema, woman is a sexually superior being. Her sexual identity is determined by her procreative potential, clearly reaffirmed in her bodily curves and reproductive organs. She is always sure of her essential femininity because she can be a mother, and motherhood is "the only act that gives sex an unquestionable meaning."

Man, on the other hand, is sexually inferior in that he has "only one sex organ and one sex act." This realization gives him a basic insecurity which woman has the power to allay. By acknowledging a man's paternity and giving him responsibility as family provider, she can make the father's role "almost as crucial as the mother's." In return the man gives her "his external achievement and reluctant faithfulness." If this "balance of potency" is upset, and men are unable to affirm their sexual identity through their families, jobs and male



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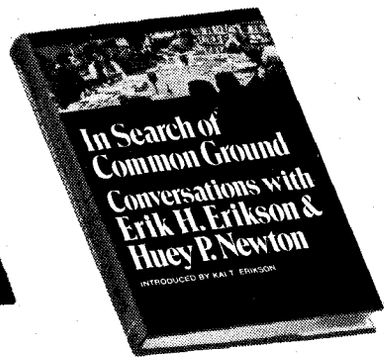

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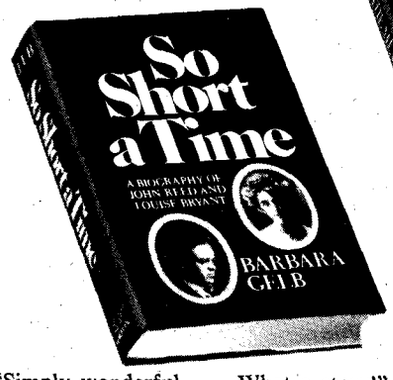

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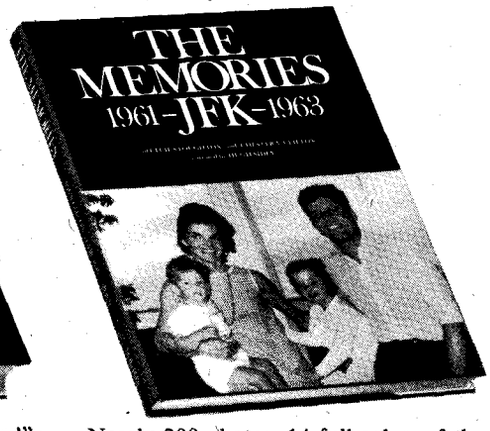

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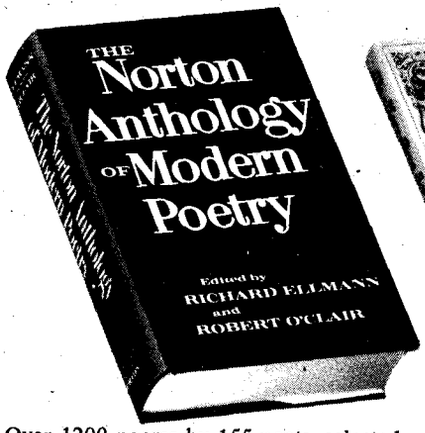

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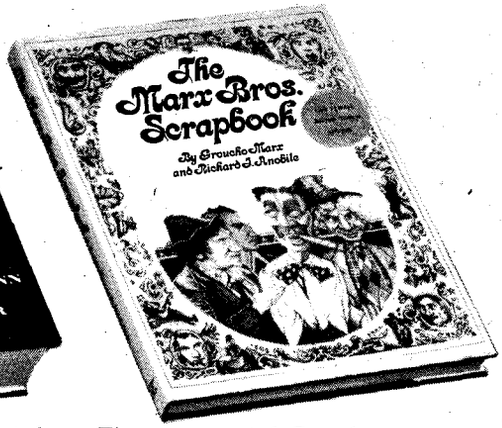

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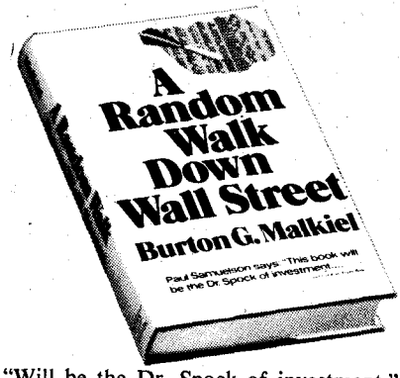

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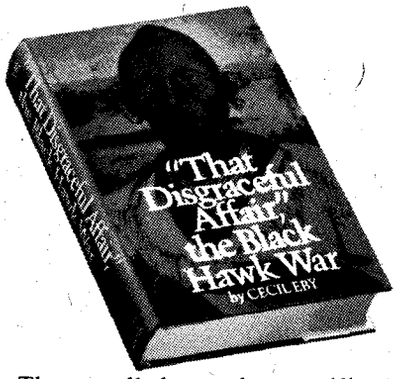

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rituals such as sports, they will be compelled to prove their masculinity through "meaningless, incessant copulation," or other antisocial activities: crime, drugs, alcohol, etc.

Gilder includes in his sexual suicide society "the women's movement, the Playboy chauvinists, the gay liberationists, the sexologists, and the pornographers," but as the book progresses the women's movement becomes his prime target. He appears to be running scared, since he acknowledges being spurred into writing this book by the discovery that "even the moderate ladies of the Ripon Society—and some of their powerful husbands—were sexual revolutionaries." According to Gilder feminists also have the backing of the US Congress and the full clout of the federal bureaucracy behind their demands.

The most insidious of these demands is "equal pay for equal work." Though seemingly moderate and uncontroversial, it is actually a revolutionary tenet. It deprives males of the job superiority essential to counterbalance women's sexual superiority, thus undermining "the sexual constitution." It is also a threat to societal stability because it distracts government from the campaign against race discrimination, i.e., from providing jobs for lower-class black *men* who are in dire need of socialization. In fact Gilder accuses the women's movement of finding the tragedy of the ghetto "rather groovy." He notes that many feminist writers have discussed the chronic ghetto problems of prostitution and rape, and (without substantiation) labels their concern as "curious interest" and "prurient obsession."

Thus Gilder appeals to his readers' fears to strengthen his case against the women's movement. Crime, poverty, alienation, loss of control over our lives to the technocracy and bureaucracy, all are exacerbated by feminism, with Gilderism the sure-fire panacea.

Gilder calls feminists women who "simply have no idea of how most people live or why," women who have failed "to induce men to enduring monogamy." He fails to grasp the diversity and grass roots nature of the movement if he thinks that Nena and George O'Neill *(Open Marriage)* speak for feminism or that his gloating over Germaine Greer's inconsistencies will bolster his arguments.

But Gilder himself gives the best insight into the basic weakness of his thesis when he denounces *in vitro* fertilization and the artificial womb because they would "destroy the meaning and utility of much of the female body." He subordinates the total person to her reproductive organs, just as he subjugates the individual for the preservation of civilization in an earlier chapter: the male to the female sexual pattern, the female to the male's external achievement. In the same vein Gilder denounces the loss of individuality in the "technocratic marketplace" and describes the woman in the home as the "last bastion" against it. Yet he places her there because of the bodily organs she shares with all other females, not because of her mind and personality traits that distinguish her from them.

Sexual Suicide will certainly evoke some acclaim and much disparagement. Excerpts in *Harper's* provoked more comment and controversy than any article in that magazine since Norman Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex*. The women's movement will survive *Sexual Suicide;* the book will get Gilder as far as he claims the works of radical feminists got *them:* "to television talk shows and best sellers lists."

Tullia Bohen

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Failure of Nerve

From the Diary of a Snail by Gunther Grass

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

"It was then that I declared, resolved, and determined that I would never under any circumstances be a politician . . . ."

Apparently Oskar, in *The Tin Drum,* guessed that politics would melt his glass-shattering scream and the mad beat of his misshapen tin drum, would inject breath into his stubborn midget body. He would grow up; he would expand boringly beyond the mythic circus of his art, and become a citizen, a father telling flabby fables to his children about the Social Democratic political campaign while Fame crept around him on snail's feet. He would encase his vulnerable parts in a hard, slow-moving shell. In short he would write a disappointing book about stumping Germany in 1969 for Willy Brandt. He would entitle this calamity (for a great talent) *From the Diary of a Snail.*

Ostensibly the book is based upon Grass' experience as a speechmaker for the German Social Democratic Party during the campaign which made Willy Brandt prime minister. It seems to have been a boring occasion for the new Oskar, and he muses about his trudging and drudging with a sort of Stendhalian irony: how tiresome, and yet how necessary democracy is, he seems to be saying. Trudging and drudging along a track of drying slime is the way of responsible citizens. How tiresome, and yet how moral, he moans, glaring with snail's eyes at the broad track of the great snail of progress and politics.

The book is composed of fragmentary notations from Grass' "waste book" (appropriately named). The notations occasionally yield a chorus of yelps from small voices which, we learn, belong to his children. Occasionally too his wife has her word to say. But not only do snails move slowly, they have thick shells. So we learn very little about Grass' inner life, his family remains a bundle of empty names, his private thoughts are conventional.

Intermingled with these fragments emerge references to a mysterious alter ego, Herman Ott, nicknamed Doubt. Doubt relives for Grass the dreadful

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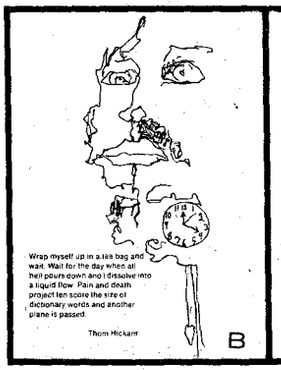
events of the 1930s: the rise of Hitler, the fate of Danzig's Jews, the war: subjects unforgettably rendered in Grass' great first novel, *The Tin Drum*. Here too they constitute the best portions of the book. Doubt almost comes alive as a character. I found myself looking forward to the relief from boredom provided by Herman Ott's fascination with live snails, his mild, uneventful bravery, his snail-like but nonetheless generous ingenuity. But Doubt is not enough—as a principle, a person or a myth of Grass' inner life—to save this book.

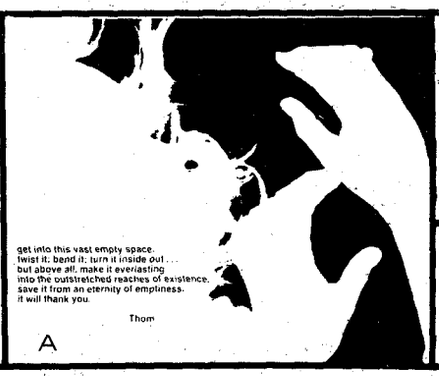
Other writers have occasionally expressed a commitment to political activity, a longing to relinquish the artist's personal exile by stepping beyond it into the sweaty public world. Norman Mailer ran for mayor of New York City. André Malraux intoned solemn speeches for General de Gaulle. But Grass seems to have been more nervous than most about his step out of privacy. As if to reassure us, and himself, that he still belongs to the fraternity of the Great Private Ones, he unlooses the entire bag of modernist tricks to enhance the mystery of political commitment. Joycian fragmentation, Kafkaesque myth-making, Proustian time-leaps are crowded nervously on page after page. Grass wants us to know that deep down he is still an Oskar; that he only *seems* to be a maker of speeches about inflation, unemployment and foreign policy; that his appearance on the great slime-track of the Snail is only an optical illusion by which he is able to perform his duty as a citizen, while preserving his authentic exile as an artist. The result resembles a failure of nerve, the one sort of failure one would never have imagined for the author of *The Tin Drum*.

Paul Zweig

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

VICTOR TERRAS *is chairman of the department of Slavic languages, Brown University.* STEVEN STOSNEY *teaches creative writing at the University of Maryland.* GEORGE KELLER, *a political scientist who writes frequently about education, is assistant to the chancellor, State University of New York.* MURRAY POLNER *is the author of* When Can I Come Home? *(Anchor).* TULLIA BOHEN *is editor of* Majority Report, *a feminist newspaper in New York.* PAUL ZWEIG *is chairman of the department of comparative literature, Queens College, New York.* PHILIP BOOTH *teaches at Syracuse University; his most recent book is* Margins *(Viking).*


Wrap myself up in a tea bag and wait. Wait for the day when all hell pours down and I dissolve into a liquid flow. Pain and death project ten score the size of dictionary words and another plane is passed.
Thom Hickam
B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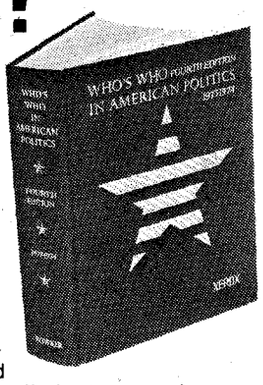

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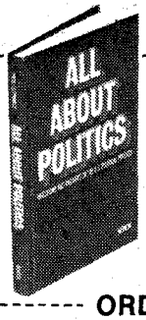

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Four Came Back

The Man-Eating Machine by John Sack

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

"Do not believe it when the newspapers say THE WAR'S OVER," John Sack cautions the reader. "A war of rich against poor, of white against yellow—no, Vietnam was another front in the armageddon of the machine against man, and the most infamous of its atrocities was a small exaggeration of what happens every day in the mills of Main Streets."

This is the John Sack whose novel *M*, published in the early days of the Vietnam war, pointed with faultless aim at what the war might do to us all. *M* was fresh and exciting, treating as it did without pretention or tendentiousness the vile world into which real troopers had been dragooned.

Now Sack returns to those men—in this book four Vietnam veterans—but unhappily has produced less a book about how men behave and their relationship to the larger society from which they come than a tract, filled with undigested criticisms and unexamined ambiguities. It's a shame, because Sack's portraits of the four veterans glow. The first, an Armenian, hated the VC because they didn't act the way the army printouts said they would. The second veteran, Vantee Thompson, black, was post-Vietnam, training in a Southern army base for stateside riot duty against his own people. He is sharp, incisive, funny, ironic, organizing a Soul Brothers Social Association on the base and teasing white officers and NCOs (all of whom are, to Sack, cardboard dummies).

Another veteran gets ruined by the System back home. Bob Melvin, a black adman for a mouthwash ("Once in the morning . . .") has made it to the top. "I feel like Darryl Zanuck," he says as he lounges in a black leather director's chair. "Roll it." His wife loves freezers, two cars in the family and suburban life. For kicks Melvin drops down to his old neighborhood in Newark's central ward for a game of basketball and a round of beers; he can rap in black English with the best of the slumming middle-class blacks. He's making it and big. Only, Sack frets about it. Melvin's given up his blackness, his culture, his everything and for what? A mouthwash.

America's present time of troubles may very well be the end of our imperial dreams, but *The Man-Eating Machine* only states that charge, never attempts to prove it. Thus, corporate Amerika is all evil, squeezing us dry of humanity, denying us our "rhythms within" and not letting us "simply love and let be." Whites are all equally culpable, for Vietnam, for racism, for the destruction of dearly held illusions. And who did it? Quoting an anonymous "philosopher" with obvious approval, Sack answers: "Our whole way of life did it."

William Calley is Sack's last veteran. His tragedy is that he really believed all that nonsense about the Green Machine. He was a "wheel within wheels, a man who didn't understand that in his very complicity with the System his criminality lay." In the end Calley was the average American and what happened in that ditch at My Lai was "the quintessential act of America. We were all William Calleys."

Case unproven.

Murray Polner

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Valuable Primer

Armies and the Art of Revolution by Katharine Chorley

(Beacon; $10.50 hardcover; $3.25 paper)

Profound insight, like fine wine, improves with time. So it is with *Armies and the Art of Revolution*. The publisher has tried to add some excitement to the tasting by evoking images of "a small group of scholars in the Harvard community who have been reading dim photocopies of the original 1943 British edition." It is unnecessary. What Katharine Chorley wrote about armies and insurrection three decades ago has been confirmed by subsequent events throughout the world.

The approach is comparative, the method inductive. Chorley studied the mutinies, revolutions and wars of Europe and the United States to formulate her conclusions. A sentence in the 1943 introduction summarizes her findings: "History shows that, in the last resort, success or failure hinges upon the attitude which those armed forces of the *status quo* government will take toward an insurrection," a clear, correct observation, often ignored. Ten years and seven million tons of bombs on the "enemy" in Indochina failed utterly to dislodge the *de facto* governments that

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control the mountains and jungle with loyal armed forces. In an even more recent case, failure to win the loyalty of the military ultimately led to the death of Salvador Allende and his elected Marxist government in Chile.

"A revolution must not only be won; it must be held and consolidated after the initial victory." Chorley's Atlantic perspective makes this rule no less applicable to Asia. Mao consolidated his hold in China, but the heirs of Ho Chi Minh have so far failed in Vietnam. As a result South Vietnam has become, in fact, two states whose ill-defined boundaries separate an urban government centered in Saigon from a very decentralized government in the countryside. The outcome of the struggle between them is still in doubt.

Chorley's conclusions appear deceptively simple, but they are the result of scholarly refinement, not sophistry. Her command of historical materials in French as well as English is impressive. One cannot help but be struck with how few of her lessons have been learned. Indeed her 1973 preface suggests only one example to the contrary: "Revolutionary strategists have evolved a possible method of countering the actual immense superiority of professional armed forces . . . [in the] form of sustained guerrilla warfare which avoids direct confrontation and greatly reduces the value of technical superiority."

Armed force remains the basis of the nation-state's power. To understand challenges to that power one must first understand the nature of armies and their relationships to government and the governed. To that end this 30-year-old volume is a valuable primer.

Peter J. Ognibene

Their Own Life

Conflict, Violence, and Morality in a Mexican Village
by Lola Romanucci-Ross

(National Press Books; $2.95 paper)

In 1957 the psychoanalyst Erich Fromm joined with others to make a psychoanalytic inquiry into a Mexican village: what do relatively poor people, the so-called peasants of a nation still in many respects (or many areas) "backwards," think about themselves, about their children's future, and on and on. Questionnaires and tests were "given" (as it is put) to a number of people. But much more significant, perhaps, an anthropologist, Lola Romanucci-Ross, went out to the village (in the state of Morelos) to live with the people and get to know their way of life first-hand. Her observations were of enormous help to Dr. Fromm (in the book he co-authored with Michael Maccobey, *Social Character in a Mexican Village*, 1970) but they are observations that deserve, and in this book get, a life of their own. The author is no Oscar Lewis; nor does she want to be. She does, like him, try to evoke the character of the people she has met through individual description. But she is also a social observer and anthropological participant who aims at comment and analysis which break into her more narrative writing.

Romanucci-Ross' book is well written and highly informative. Especially helpful is her ability to indicate the various ways rural people get along: friendship and patronage and godparenthood as well as through family bonds. We learn a good deal about the rivalries and tensions, the ingratiation that masks rage or envy, the outbursts of resentment that are covers for a feeling of helplessness or uselessness. Then there is a valuable portrayal of *machismo*, the "manliness" Spanish people on both sides of the Atlantic are drawn to. In industrialized United States we are supposedly "beyond" that: more "civilized." Or is it that we reserve for foreign affairs our *machismo*—as we try to prove ourselves bigger, stronger, the winner, at all costs? In any event the author does a good job of showing how social and economic interests unite some, divide others and make for a good deal of "latent" and not so "latent" conflict and violence. She also does a particularly shrewd job of showing how the "morality" a particular village family imposes upon its children is not something that gets handed down from some divinity or passed along through genes or even intuitive "leaps" of faith but is, rather, a concrete response on the part of (usually) harassed and fearful mothers and fathers who know only too well what is wanted, demanded of them—or else. And such economic and political "facts of life" hold in rich, powerful nations; that is among those of us who live in cities rather than villages, and who are

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far better off than these poor and often desperate Mexican villagers, but who also have to learn our lessons: who has power, and what pieties we must mouth if we expect to escape all sorts of difficulties.

Robert Coles

Adding It Up

My mind's eye opens before
the light gets up. I
lie awake in the small dark,
figuring payments, or how
to scrape paint; I count
rich women I didn't marry.
I measure bicycle miles
I pedalled last Thursday
to take off weight; I give some
passing thought to the point
that if I hadn't turned poet
I might well be some other
sort of accountant. Before
the sun reports its own weather
my mind is openly at it:
I chart my annual rainfall,
or how I'll plant seed if
I live to be fifty. I look up
words like "bilateral symmetry"
in my mind's dictionary; I consider
the bi-valve mollusc, re-pick
last summer's mussels on Condon Point,
preview the next red tide, and
hold my breath: I listen hard
to how my heart valves are doing.
I try not to get going
too early: bladder permitting,
I mean to stay in bed until six;
I think in spirals, building
horizon pyramids, yielding to
no man's flag but my own.
I think a lot of Saul Steinberg:
I play touch football on one leg,
I seesaw on the old cliff, trying
to balance things out: job,
wife, children, myself.
My mind's eye opens before
my body is ready for its
first duty: cleaning up after
an old-maid Bassett in heat.
That, too, I inventory:
the Puritan strain will out,
even at six a.m.; sun or no sun,
I'm Puritan to the bone, down to
the marrow and then some:
if I'm not sorry I worry,
if I can't worry I count.

PHILIP BOOTH

Fine Print

"I really believe there are things nobody would see unless I photographed them."

Doris Grumbach

It has been out more than a year. And every time I go to a bookstore, surfeited with books as I am in my job, I find myself taking *Diane Arbus* (edited and designed by Doon Arbus and Marvin Israel; Aperture Monograph; $15; $9.50 paper) from the shelf, becoming absorbed in it, reading her introductory remarks. This week, prodded by Susan Sontag's belated review in *NY Review of Books* (November 15) I broke down and bought the book, and now wish to register my profound disagreement with Sontag's comments. This affecting and profound collection of photographs of freaks, transvestites, retards, ugly persons, middle Americans, nudists, etc., cannot, it seems to me, be approached fruitfully from the points of view of Arbus' family background, or of "the kind of art popular among sophisticated urban people now: art that is a self-willed test of hardness," or from the morally elevated view that Arbus' interest in freaks contrasts detrimentally with her lack of interest in ethical journalism—"it would never have occurred to her to photograph thalidomide babies or napalm victims—'public' horrors, deformities with sentimental or moral associations . . . subjects . . . without any values attached to them." All of this from Sontag, who found Arbus distastefully concentrating on victims "without the compassionate purpose that such a project is expected to serve."

Now it must be one of the virtues of this extraordinary book of "people," to use Eisenstaedt's title, although he meant by it *notable* people, that it can produce views as opposed as mine and Susan Sontag's. I think I understand Arbus' use of freaks: I think she views them head on, asking them actually to pose for her and then showing the unvarnished result with, often, all the frankness and pride that the poser turned to the camera. The reason for this is that she views them as superior to us, as courageous "aristocrats" who were "born with their trauma," unlike the rest of us who still fearfully await ours. She might have gone on to war victims and drug-damaged children, but she didn't, and her choice of "aristocrats" is her own, her "donnée." We have to accept them with the same recognition of their self-awareness as Arbus felt, the same "mixture of shame and awe."

It was the flaw in every human that interested her, the particular that we could then generalize. She chose to permanentize *visible* flaws, enjoying persons who appeared to disguise or confuse themselves (masks, clothing of other sexes) precisely because she was compassionate, without sentimentality, because she gave them the benefit of her photographic sympathy by seeing them as they were and as they themselves wished to be seen.

In the Christmas roundup I missed, partly because the publisher missed my deadline, Knopf's publication of *Fasanella's City*, Patrick Watson's account of the life and work of an American primitive painter, Ralph Fasanella. The artist, whose subject is the city and whose themes are political tragedy (the death of Kennedy), the painful rigors of the Church, the beauty of the streets and tenements and parks of New York, is a 60-year-old gas station attendant who spoke at length to Watson of his life and his art. The publishers have combined Fasanella's niagara of words with his populous and delightful pictures, full of love of color, every inch of the canvas economically occupied with detail, and produced a stunning book.

Speaking of primitive art Abrams' book, *Grandma Moses*, is now available. Four reviewers wrote to me to ask for this 360-page, comprehensive volume, proof enough of its attraction, and it is added proof that I refused to give it up. The commentary by Otto Kallir is chronological, personal, and full of fascinating facts. There are so many illustrations—almost 1500—that this huge book might be used as a catalogue of her almost 1600 works, from the time she started painting in 1927, when Anna Marie Robertson Moses was 80, until her death at 101. Kallir directs the Galerie St. Etienne on 57th Street in New York City, had a special affection for folk and "primitive art," and exhibited her first paintings at his gallery in 1940 under the unassuming title, "What a Farm Wife Painted." At that

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historic show 34 small paintings were shown; the rest is history. Besides valuable biographical data (dimensions of this book are so extraordinary as to require citation: 13¼" x 12"), there is a numbered catalogue of all her paintings, tiles and worsted pictures (each, usefully, with a small reproduction attached) as well as an index to her works. I cannot imagine anything better being done on this great American painter who wrote an essay in 1947, "How Do I Paint?" here reproduced as she wrote it, in which she said: "I don't advise any one to take it [art] up as a business proposition, unless they really have talent and are crippled so as to deprive them of physical labor . . . But I will say that I have did remarkable for one of my years, and experience."

One of the best and most scholarly writers on the subject of that puzzling and paradoxical genius Samuel Clemens is Hamlin Hill. His book, *Mark Twain: God's Fool* (Harper & Row), has been out since July. I don't know why more persons have not noticed that it is certainly one of the most reliable and readable books in the whole huge library of Twain biographical studies. Concentrating on the last 10 years of Twain's life, it throws light, original and acute, upon his family antagonisms, his fear of poverty that made him extravagant, his guilty introspection and sense of inferiority, his doubts about himself as a writer, a friend, a husband, a father. He was a man made unprepared for the 20th century by all the "despair, pessimism, frustration" of his early life. Hill makes sense of a confused and often contradictory set of data. This is a notable, graceful, convincing book.

I have been an admirer of Father John O'Brien during his long and productive lifetime of publishing. I very much liked his recent book, *The Wrath of the Inquisition: Torture, Terror or Death* (Macmillan), which is both bloody in its description of what went on (what else could it honestly be?) and revelatory of a healthy, new ecclesiastical attitude to the brutal truths of religious history. This "darkest era in Christian history" cannot be excused or explained away; it can only serve as warning against modern fanaticism, coercion and bigotry.

News came a few weeks ago that *The Washington Post*'s *Book World* was about to be metamorphosized, its original tabloid shape reduced to four pages in the Sunday Style section of the paper. There has been widespread dismay in all quarters over the change, which was laid to the paper shortage and to the huge financial loss that the section incurred last year. Everywhere I went last week, in New York, in Washington, I heard nothing but praise for the admirable job *Book World* had been doing. Its change in form and length is a tragedy. One of its virtues was (for a newspaper) the visibility that its special form gave it (advertisers must be aware of this too). Another was the amount of coverage it was able to give books and authors at a time when such space (with the demise of *Life*, *Look*, etc.) is diminishing at an alarming rate, a sad fact for writers, publishers, reviewers. *Book World* disappeared as an entity last week. It was a place where books and ideas were treated with integral respect; it goes away as a separate force, and we are all the losers.

If you are fond of letters, and particularly letters by a vigorous, interesting and talented woman who for many years held a central, critical position as poetry editor of the *New Yorker*, you might browse through Louise Bogan's selected letters, *What the Woman Lived*, published earlier this month by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. The letters are edited and annotated with scholarly care by Ruth Limmer, and they cover years of correspondence with almost every important poet and critic of her time (1920-1970). Herself a fine lyric poet, she is extraordinarily humble when she speaks of her own work and was, apparently, as gentle to the work of others. Among the objects of her gentleness was not this publication, for which she felt, alternately, affection (*TNR* published a few of her poems, some reviews), especially toward Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley, and hostility. "*N.R.* stands for my wobbly youth . . . the place hasn't a nice smell," she wrote to Margaret Marshall in 1942. Notwithstanding, an enjoyable collection.

Addendum: The editor of Norton informs me I was premature in mourning the "seemingly quick passage into oblivion" of May Sarton's beautiful novel *As We Are Now*. I am glad, but the appearance in the Sunday *Times* two weeks ago of a full-page ad for the book, after months and much "seeming" neglect of it before my elegy appeared, does not prove me wrong so much as contributory to the recognition that that superb writer is now getting from her publisher. Pax.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

cessful up to now) to make the Beaumont the place where the best plays of the world could be seen at their American best. This in itself is an important policy change in a major resident theater; and it becomes even more scrutinizable when it's in the hands of a man better known for enthusiasm than for really fine taste.

Papp's choice of policy is arguable but defensible—on paper. Papp on paper, the manifesto Papp, is impressive. Papp as executor of manifestoes is another matter. At any one moment there is a very limited number of genuinely good or even merely interesting new plays, a fact that doesn't seem to bother Papp much. This is probably because he is something of a wild swinger, rather than a keen selector, very likely to go for the merely ambitious. Well, we must all wish him the best because a wild swinger *can* connect and at least Papp keeps swinging. But on the basis of the past and of this new beginning, we might better gear our expectations not to the pronouncements but to the probabilities.

Program Notes. The American Place Theater has opened its new season in a typical way—by overproducing a poor play. *House Party*, by the black writer Ed Bullins, is a contrivedly informal evening with an assortment of black characters from an Adam Clayton Powell type to a dope peddler, telling us in random "bits" what we knew about them before we came. This hasn't prevented the APT from giving it a set that might have seemed too much for Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*.

Raisin (46th St. Theater) is a musical based on Lorraine Hansberry's *Raisin in the Sun* and is better if only because it contains less of that play. The occasions for the big numbers are routine—the gospel-shouting number, the African number to back up an African visitor—but Donald McKayle handles them and the general staging competently. The songs, by Judd Woldin and Robert Brittan, are guaranteed not to plague your memory. My chief pleasure in *Raisin* came from the young husband and wife, Joe Morton and Ernestine Jackson. The matriarch, originally played by Claudia McNeil and done here by Virginia Capers, confirms my distaste for professional Earth Mothers, whether Capers, McNeil or the late Gertrude Berg.

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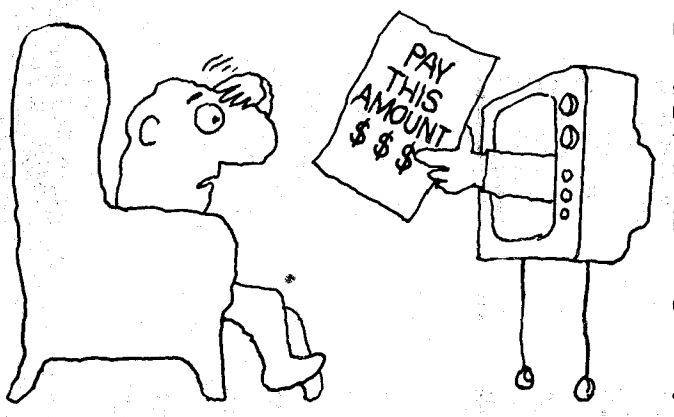

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